

# The TATLER

Vol. CLVII. No. 2044

London  
August 28, 1940



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# THE TATLER

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LONDON · AUGUST 28 · 1940

Price: One Shilling

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1½d. Foreign 2d.



LADY MARY PRATT WHO IS ENGAGED TO  
THE HON. HERBERT OSWALD BERRY (Inset)

*Photos: Bassano*

The engagement was announced on August 19 and the future bride is Lord and Lady Brecknock's only daughter and a granddaughter of Lord and Lady Camden. Her uncle, Lord Roderic Pratt is the No. 1 of the Life Guards polo team. The Hon. H. O. Berry, who is a Flight Lieutenant, R.A.F., is Lord Kemsley's fifth son





# THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

## Hitler Comes West

**W**HEN the R.A.F. began intensive bombardment of northern French ports ten days ago it sprang to mind that observation and intelligence reports had indicated the existence of new targets in that area. A circumstantial report gained circulation announcing that five divisions of troops were assembled ready to embark for the attempted invasion of Britain. Those with inside knowledge whispered that the mouths of the rivers up and down the Dutch, Belgian and French coasts were full of barges and transports; that troop-carrying aircraft had now been massed on the aerodromes of Belgium and northern France. There was also a fresh epidemic of parachute dropping in south-east England.

At the same time Hitler was reported to be on his way to a rendezvous with his commanders in occupied France, while the British Government considered the moment expedient for extending to the whole country the anti-invasion arrangements under which absolute powers are vested in the twelve Regional Commissioners. In short, Parliament adjourned in circumstances which pointed more clearly than before to the likelihood of an early attack on Britain with all means at the disposal of the enemy.

## R.A.F. Strikes Home

Nobody could be much surprised that the German leaders felt the urgent necessity for striking at Britain without further delay. The R.A.F. bombers which had been knocking hell out of German war industries and communications, were striking ever deeper into the heart of the country and were reported already to have reduced output in certain important manufacturing areas by more than thirty per cent.

It seemed obvious that Hitler must seek means of stopping these attacks, which were beginning to handicap Germany's own war effort and were bringing home forcibly to the people that their much vaunted shield could be pierced at will by the attackers. His first serious attempts to stem the flood of these

blows by dispatching the Luftwaffe to bomb R.A.F. aerodromes was proving both costly and ineffective.

We should be in no doubt that those attacks were launched on a really imposing scale. On one day as many as 2,000 German machines



IN OTTAWA—H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE AND FAMILY

A quite recent and likewise informal picture taken of H.R.H. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, her daughter Lady May Abel-Smith and the latter's three children, Richard, Ann and Elizabeth. Their Excellencies the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice arrived in Canada on June 20, and the new Governor-General was sworn in at Ottawa on the following day



THE NEW MEMBER FOR MITCHAM  
AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Sir Malcolm Arnold Robertson and Lady Robertson with (left) Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., who was his sponsor when he took the oath and his seat last week. Sir Malcolm was returned on an unopposed Conservative vote. Among other diplomatic posts he has been Ambassador to Buenos Aires

were employed and during the week fifty per cent of the known dive-bomber formations were identified as having been thrown into the onslaught. Small wonder the air force felt a glow of satisfaction as it marked up on the score board "140 for 8," and noted that in certain instances entire formations up to as many as twenty machines were wiped out, leaving not one man to return and tell the tale of their disaster.

Thus if the thoughts of the High Command reverted to the projected invasion it can have been for one reason only. Namely, that the Luftwaffe alone would clearly be unable to establish the necessary ascendancy over the R.A.F. and consequently it would be necessary to sacrifice a mixed landing force, both air- and sea-borne in the attempt to wreck the British war machine.

## Holidays for Ministers

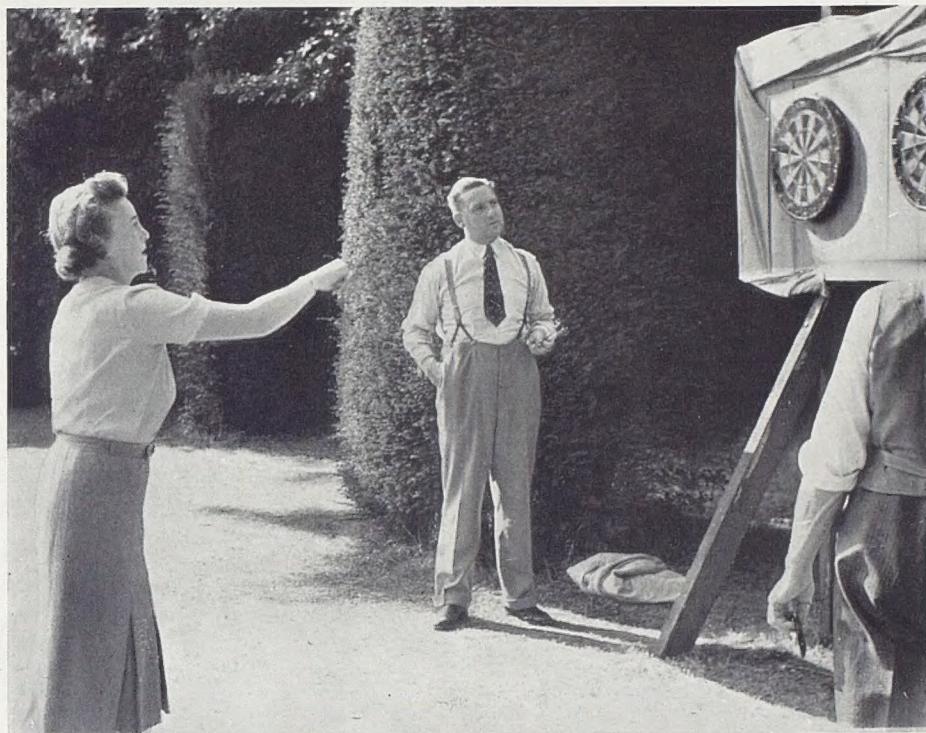
The Prime Minister showed great wisdom when he insisted that all his Ministers and senior officials

must take up to a fortnight's leave at the present period. Experience has shown that only thus can efficiency be maintained and in his adjournment statement Mr. Churchill emphasized his conviction that this war can be won only by imagination and the constant origination of new ideas and surprising methods. For such work every man must be on his toes. There's no room for tired minds or bodies.

Somewhat surprisingly Lord Beaverbrook, despite his nearness to Mr. Churchill, was at first disposed to demur, contending that it would create a bad impression in the aircraft industry if it were thought that the staff at the responsible Ministry were taking leave. But the Prime Minister was adamant—to the profound relief of officers and officials who for months had been working a seven-day week of the longest imaginable hours.

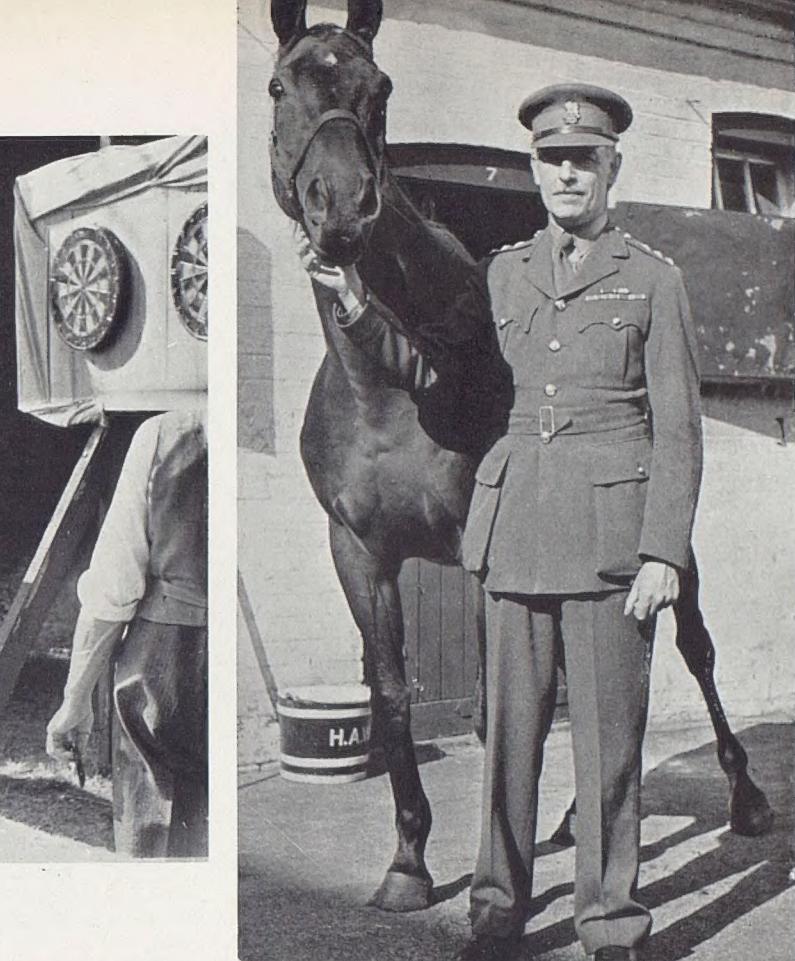
Incidentally, I hear that Lord Beaverbrook has brought to the Ministry a custom which he for long has followed in directing the affairs of his newspapers from Stornoway House. There he was wont to sit on a balcony overlooking the Green Park attended by several secretaries to whom he would give a running flow of instructions as one new idea after another presented itself to his fertile brain. Now he does the same thing from an office overlooking the Thames. This may account for his personal disregard of the need for holidays.

(Continued on page 280)



THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN AT THE LUBENHAM FAIR

Lady Zia Wernher, Lubenham's chatelaine, is Lady Milford Haven's sister and they are, as the world knows, the daughters of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the Countess de Torby. Lady Milford Haven gave away the prizes



SIR HAROLD WERNHER AND BROWN JACK

You had to pay to go and see the great old hero who won the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot six times off the reel. Sir Harold Wernher afterwards hunted him during his Fernie Mastership

## IN AID OF THE RED CROSS



A QUARTETTE OF THE YOUNG BRIGADE

Aiding and abetting amongst others in making things go, were : (l. to r.) Miss Susan Falkner, Miss Sybil Stokes, Miss Jean MacDonald-Buchanan, a daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. MacDonald-Buchanan (from the Pytchley country) and Miss Audrey Falkner. Everything was a big success and the fair was opened by Lady Louis Mountbatten

(ON RIGHT) MRS. PAYNTER AND HER DAUGHTER



MORE AIDERS AND ABETATORS

Mrs. Cecil Bury, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, who is a niece of the Queen and was formerly the Hon. Jean Elphinstone, one of Lord and Lady Elphinstone's daughters, and Mrs. George Lowther, Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther's daughter-in-law. Colonel Lowther is the famous Pytchley Master who started his connexion with this pack as long ago as 1923 when he was joint-Master with his brother, Sir Charles Lowther



Photos: Swaebe

## The Way of the War

(Continued from page 278)

### The People's Man

I have referred in earlier notes on "The Way of the War" to Lord Beaverbrook's probable ambition to be regarded as the champion of "the people" in the Cabinet. It is perhaps natural, therefore, that he should speak in terms of the highest admiration of Mr. Ernest Bevin, who towers head and shoulders among his Labour colleagues in the Government. Mr. Bevin, on his part, appears to be less enthusiastic about Lord Beaverbrook's many-sided activities in and behind the Government. It may be difficult to avoid a clash between these two strong personalities before we reach our journey's end.

For some time Mr. Churchill has been considering the desirability of making certain changes in personnel during the Parliamentary recess, but nothing appears to have been settled as yet. Should the German attack develop these changes are likely to be still further postponed. That the attack will develop in some form is pretty certain.

### "Staff Talks" with America

It is not the American way to advertise unduly the course of diplomatic action while this is in the embryonic stage. Outside of the innermost circles of government little will be heard for a time of the nature of the talks proceeding



AMERICAN AID FOR REFUGEE BABIES

Lady Astor, the energetic American politician wife of Viscount Astor, who succeeded her husband as M.P. for Sutton, Plymouth, is seen with Mr. David Bruce, one of the members of the American Red Cross who have lately arrived in London, inspecting layettes for newly-born babies at a refugee centre



ON THE CANADIAN H.Q. STAFF

Left to right in this group of officers on the H.Q. Staff of the 7th Canadian Corps are Captain Lord Tweedsmuir, son of the late distinguished Governor-General of Canada, Major R. H. L. Webb, A. and S. Highlanders, and Major W. A. J. Anglin, R.C.A.

in London between British and American Staff officers. But the fact that these talks began last week is, in itself, most interesting.

Last week I mentioned the arrival of Rear-Admiral R. Lee Ghormley, U.S. Assistant Chief of Naval Operations. Now he has been joined by Major-General Emmons and Brigadier G. V. Strong. Both impress as keen-minded soldiers. Aided by Captain Kirk, who has been Naval Attaché at the American Embassy for some time, and by Colonel Lee, who lately returned from the Washington War Department to take up for the second time the post of Military Attaché

practical measures of co-ordinated North American defence.

### General Wavell's Flying Trip

Most useful consultations resulted from the recent flying visit to London of General Archibald Wavell, our Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East. Discussions of the existing situation and the prospects in the future were conducted between Sir Archibald and senior representatives of the War, Foreign, Dominions and Colonial Offices.

At the time a discreet secrecy was

maintained concerning the very fact that General Wavell had been in London. This was no more than common prudence. Since the collapse of France and the entry of Italy into the ranks of our enemies the routing of aircraft carrying high officials between Britain and the Middle East has obviously become a matter of some difficulty and one which it would not be desirable to publicise for the benefit of hostile air forces.

At the conclusion of these London talks a clear impression was left that Britain will be well able to guarantee the ultimate safety of her vital interests in the Middle East. The recent appearance of "Hurricane" fighters in Egypt has come as an unpleasant surprise to the Italians. In other matters of equipment the British armies in that part of the world are growing progressively stronger. That they are doing so is due very largely to the personal initiative of the Prime Minister, who addressed himself to this question as one of vital importance early in his Premiership.

### Haile Selassie in Ethiopia

Just five years have passed since British, French and Italian politicians and officials were assembled in Paris seeking to work out a system of peaceful change in Ethiopia which would satisfy Italian colonial aspirations and avert the imminent threat of Italian aggression. And when the rains ended six weeks later Italy launched her campaign with half a million men, aircraft and gas against a people almost totally devoid of modern defensive equipment. Six months later organized resistance was at an end and the Emperor had fled his country. In the four years which have intervened the new Emperor, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, has failed signally to establish his rule, nor has Italy derived any material benefit from her forcible annexation. On the contrary the men she has sent there to attempt

(Continued on page 312)



MORE CANADIAN ARMY STAFF

Captain Phillip Seagram and Lord Duncannon who are both A.D.C.s on the staff of Lieutenant-General A. G. L. McNaughton. Lord Duncannon is Lord Bessborough's son and heir. His father was Governor-General of Canada 1931-1935

## LADY ALEXANDRA CADOGAN'S WEDDING



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

Lady Alexandra Cadogan, younger daughter of the late Earl Cadogan and Marie, Countess Cadogan, and sister of the present Earl, is seen after her marriage to Second Lieutenant Robert Gilliam Buchanan, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Buchanan of Drumpellier, and Mrs. Buchanan of Corsewall, Stranraer.



AT THE BUCHANAN - CADOGAN WEDDING

A reception was held at the Berkeley Hotel after the marriage of Mr. and Lady Alexandra Buchanan, which took place quietly on August 21. Amongst the guests (seen in this picture) were Miss B. K. Buchanan, Captain I. Sutherland and Second Lieutenant Sir Aymer Maxwell, Scots Guards, who succeeded to the baronetcy from his grandfather, and is the son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Aymer Maxwell and of Lady Mary Maxwell, a daughter of the 7th Duke of Northumberland and aunt of the 9th Duke who was killed in action last May.



LADY BEATRIX HOARE AND MR. L. MCNEILL

At the reception after her younger sister's wedding to Mr. R. G. Buchanan, Lady Beatrix Hoare is seen with Mr. L. McNeill drinking a toast. Lady Beatrix was married in 1931 to Mr. Henry Hoare, son of Mr. and Lady Geraldine Hoare and nephew of the Marquess of Bristol. She and her sister, Lady Alexandra, have both been doing interesting Government work for many months.



HOTEL RECEPTION AFTER QUIET WEDDING

Mrs. Donovan Chance, Captain Birley, Miss I'Anson and Second Lieutenant Donovan Chance were also guests at the Berkeley Hotel wedding reception of Earl Cadogan's sister, Lady Alexandra Cadogan, after her marriage to Mr. Robert Buchanan of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, many of whose brother officers were present. The little girl seen standing in the front of the picture is Miss Antonia Buchanan.

# OUR FUTURE OFFENSIVES

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

**A**LL we ask of war is victory. Through the clouds we begin to get a glimpse of it—a fair distance off.

By October we will have passed the worst of the storm in the sky, if we continue to weather it as we are now doing. Until then this period is least favourable to us in respect of weather and the number of planes and pilots available. Conversely Germany's present air-peal period should soon begin to wane, and now we know that our production at home alone already outstrips that of our enemy.



H.M. THE KING INSPECTS  
THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS

During his visit to a Guards' dépôt in the Southern area, the King met his Agent for the Sandringham Estate, Lieutenant Fellowes who is in the Scots Guards. A demonstration of the Molotov's Cocktails effective attack on a tank was seen by the King, and a battalion of the Welsh Guards staged a most realistic mock battle

In achieving the latest balance credit account of nearly five to one in planes destroyed, our indomitable pilots further reduce our critical period. Each week lots of water, as usual, passes under the bridge, and lots of Nazi pilots pass under the water. On the other hand about forty per cent of our pilots shot down from our home skies are saved to fight another day—this should bring the balance in pilots saved to something very near seven to one.

So too, with the summer flying past, does the immediate chance of total invasion seem to recede, particularly with Nazi air supremacy being so successfully challenged. But with that dangerous thought a serious caution must follow—land invasion remains more than a possibility, and ours is not the only island hereabouts. To think otherwise is poison to us, especially when so much of our war preparation is built upon the shifting sands of voluntary service. The mere suggestion of

reduced danger at home will act as a sedative to many volunteers, and will lead to a slackening in interest in many of our war organizations which precariously depend upon spare-time enthusiasm.

So be it said that, although invasion still threatens, we are doing well to plan already for eventual offensives of our own—offensives we must launch and win before we can dictate a fair and just peace for ourselves and the rest of Europe.

And what a tonic it is to even think that way for a change, to consider how, when, and where we will strike our blows, after receiving so many. We cannot start too early with our preparations, especially in the vast supply of war munitions we shall need. Have not all our past efforts been paralysed by that narrow bottle neck through which only a thin trickle of supplies could flow? Lack of arms and equipment forced us to call up our man power to a rhythm which was maddeningly slow. It dangerously limited our strength and prevented our having in France last spring a sufficient force to meet the German avalanche, say about forty infantry divisions and five tank divisions—and finally it deprived us of essential reserve stocks we urgently needed after our equipment losses at Dunkirk. We would have had enough for all this only had our present production capacity been in operation two or three years ago. But let only him who would have welcomed a 1940 budget in 1937–1939 point the finger. Few can do so.

At last we hear of vast contracts being placed for thousands of tanks and guns of all models on a proportional scale for our armies of next year taking the offensive.

In the training field, too, the horizon is enlarging—it grows more offensive and less orthodox. Later on we will discuss aspects of new army training, censor permitting, D.V., and I.P. (invasion permitting).

Every large-scale enterprise we undertake from this island will involve the most difficult of all operations—the intricate co-ordination of land, sea and air plans for landings on hostile shores. We like to remind ourselves that we are past masters in this art, but the Germans showed us in Norway what more modern, if cunning methods could dramatically achieve, even without sea command. With the prospect of our sea control being as firm next year as it is now, we will hold the first advantage for surprise landings—and with it the initiative to choose our own time and place. Never need the enemy know where the next blow will fall, the next landing be made, nor to what far direction must he dispatch his forces.

With our wide diversions the Nazi's weak railway system might well be overworked with futile concentrations of troops.

That long vulnerable coastline from Norway to Spain, from Spain to Albania, can only be held thinly, however large the armies of occupation. There are wide gaps, there are lesser ports where never the sight of a German is to be seen.

But before a large number of surprise diversions are undertaken, or any large operation launched, we shall need to sow diligently the seeds of revolt, and sabotage within those countries of our attention. Agents, the gentlemen of spies, must be plentiful there, or can be dumped by boat or plane at isolated points. The hundreds of French, Dutch, Belgian, and Norwegian compatriots in our midst at once suggest themselves as the ideal material.

For that kind of work we like the idea of the new American "Fire-brigade" landing units. These battalions of marines, with tanks, guns and special gear for rapid landings anywhere, are fitted into destroyers specially adapted for the purpose.

It has been said that Italy, as the weaker of the Axis partners, stands out as our correct strategical target. We shall not forget this, nor other scores to settle, when we are ripe for the job. Germany herself, by striking down the weakest of our allies first, was able to utilize the moral and material effect of their collapses to deal with the next on the list. They are all being utilized against us, the ultimate opposition now.

None of our future efforts will have full effect unless we emulate the dictators' capacity for complete military and political *secrecy*, their great advantage—and with it the chance of most complete surprises. In spite of the constant demands for more information and news, we must firmly close down upon the chances of any more cats being let out of the secret bag, by press, radio, neutral correspondents—or by mistake.



AMERICAN AIRMAN KILLED IN ACTION

The deepest sorrow is felt at the loss of Pilot Officer W. L. M. Fiske, who died of wounds received in action with the R.A.F. He shot down several German planes on his last flight, and though mortally wounded, brought his machine safely home. A great sportsman; champion toboggan rider and several times a winner on the hazardous Cresta Run, he was the son of the American banker, Mr. William Fiske. The funeral took place with full military honours at Boxgrove, near Chichester



LADY GOULDING AND WILLIAM  
LINGARD WALTER

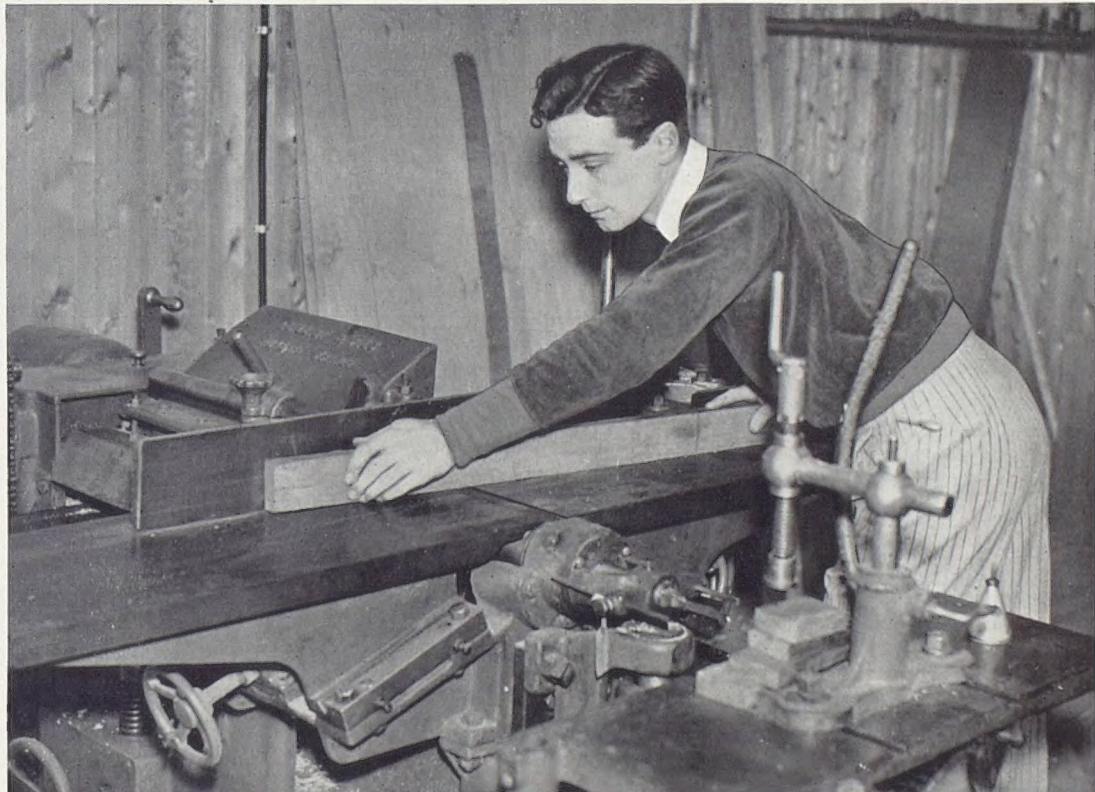
The son and heir was born in a nursing home in Dublin on July 11 and when christened in England is to be given the names Lingard, after his paternal grandfather, and Walter, after his maternal one. William is a family name. Lady Goulding's father, Sir Walter Monckton, has been Attorney-General of the Duchy of Cornwall since 1932 and recently went to Lisbon to see the Duke and Duchess of Windsor off to the Bahamas. Sir Basil Goulding, who was a double Blue during his Oxford days and is the Irish squash champion, has now got a commission in the R.A.F., and he and Lady Goulding are going to live in England for the duration of the war

## SIR BASIL AND LADY GOULDING AND THE SON AND HEIR



A MUSICAL INTERLUDE AT HILLBROOK

Sir Basil and Lady Goulding are alleged to be first-class performers on the piano accordion, but are known to be also fond of other forms of musical expression



SIR BASIL GOULDING—NOW R.A.F.—IS AN EXPERT CARPENTER

The carpenter's shop at Hillbrook is said to be one of the best-equipped in all Ireland, and the owner a very good workman, a talent that now may stand him in good stead

Photos: Poole, Dublin

# THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

SOME little time ago I wrote an article on this page in which I said, not that film directing was unimportant, but that its importance was overrated. I gave the reader six films of world reputation and twelve lesser known films, and challenged him or her to name the director of each, supplying all the directors' names at the end of the article. The result is the following highly interesting letter written in the remote fastnesses of Inverness where the cinema is obviously a more intellectual business than it is, say, in the Euston Road. Of course there is a sense in which the principal thing about a film is its direction. But this sense only begins to operate when the film is in the highest class. I still maintain that it is of comparatively little account who directs the film I have to see at least twice a month. This is the one in which a young man who has been framed turns gangster to get level with the men who have framed him! And now for my letter:

"Dear Mr. Agate—When I read your last article in THE TATLER I was amazed. I can't think you believe any of the statements you made about film direction. At first I wanted to write an abusive letter, but I realized you

## Maker and Material

and I may be able to sell your letter at an even higher price than Mr. Shaw values his own at.

"First of all I suggest that certain directors have almost unmistakable styles—King Vidor, de Mille, Hitchcock, and the mighty Stroheim—Fritz Lang leaves a mark on his pictures that no one can miss.

"I must apologize for getting the first six of your questions all correct, and nine of the last twelve.

"It is absurd to underestimate the value and importance of direction. I believe it is because we have only one good director that English films are, broadly speaking, so little worth seeing. Hitchcock has an enormous supply of ideas, most of them extravagant, and makes good films. The material presented to other English directors can't be entirely blamed. We have a high acting tradition, which is unfortunately a stage tradition. We have practically no film actors who are exclusively film actors—and seem incapable of training them as such. However, I blame the directors for English films, because I believe films are almost entirely what the directors make them.

"Isn't your remark about Pudovkin—instead of S. M. Eisenstein—making *Potemkin* rather pointless? Of course he would have made a very good film of it, because he is a genius, and had every opportunity of doing so. Dorjenko could probably have done it too, almost as well.

"But the films made by the Russians at the height of their fame were necessarily on themes especially suited to the Russian genius. And I do not think

any director could have made Eisenstein's *Potemkin* unless he was a Russian and one of the really great directors of Russia. In sheer filmcraft the Russians towered head and shoulders above every other nation, though they might have been failures in Hollywood or with U.F.A.

"If my letter is a little incoherent towards the end you must blame my nephew, who has been making an infernal row.

"Yours sincerely,

The gist of this admirable letter occurs in the passage: "We have a high acting tradition, which is unfortunately a stage tradition. We have practically no film actors who are exclusively film actors—and seem incapable of training them as such." I would prefer to say that in this country we just have not the actors. That is to say, we have not a sufficient number of young men tall as lamp-posts, and with shoulders like bookcases, and the air of having been brought up in a wigwam with a lot of Indian papooses. Our film studios just do not produce Clark Gables, Gary Coopers and Cary Grants. Or if they do, the young men immediately emigrate to Hollywood! On the other hand, we do manage to breed a certain number of profiles and heads of hair which, having advertised somebody's hats or hair cream, do pretty well in the business of self-advertisement over there. But I still wonder whether this amounts to acting. First of all, there is the studio's make-up man who is a worker of wonders. Then we have the cameraman aware of the exact angle at which intelligence can be infused into a face which is as alert on its own account as a mutton chop. And then the director to shove the young man about, roll up his trousers, and reveal a pair of shapely feet splashing about in what colour-photography reveals as a sea of red ink, thus giving you a perfect film interpretation of Macbeth's

*I am in blood*

*Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.*

At the Empire *North-West Passage* is one of those lurid extracts from American history of the eighteenth century. It seems to me that there was a time at which it was necessary to send expeditions into untraversed parts of that continent in order to exterminate the Indians who, when exterminated, neatly ambushed the returning expeditions and scalped them. The direction by King Vidor is superb, and there is not a dull moment in a film whose veracity there is none to dispute. At the London Pavilion *Wagons Westward* is more frankly and unashamedly cowboy. It is the business of the cinema to make us believe that a wicked cowboy can be successfully impersonated by his twin brother, the good cowboy turned policeman. The film is good enough, though, to make one suspend that personal disbelief, and there is a thoroughly exciting scene at the end in which a convoy of wagons carrying bullion is set upon by armed raiders, who in turn are being attacked by Indians. This makes me feel a schoolboy again, and that is what the films are for. Mr. Chester Morris is fairly frightening as the bad boy, and terrifying as the good one.



IN "LILLIAN RUSSELL" AT THE ODEON

Alice Faye in the part of the lady, who eventually becomes the toast of all New York on account of the sweeping success which she scores with her beautiful voice. Don Ameche as Edward Solomon is a struggling young composer whom she marries and with whom she goes to London to sing; as she hopes, in Gilbert and Sullivan opera, a project which comes to naught, and Edward Arnold as "Diamond Jim" Brady, one of Lillian's most ardent admirers. In the end she marries her first love, one Alex Moore (Henry Fonda), after she and her first husband have passed through the tribulation of dire failure. The film opened at the Odeon on August 26



THE ROMANCE IN "LILLIAN RUSSELL"

Henry Fonda as Alexander Moore, Lillian Russell's childhood sweetheart whom she eventually marries, a heart attack having conveniently carried off her first husband, Edward Solomon (Don Ameche), and Una O'Connor as Lillian Russell's dresser. Alice Faye's beautiful voice eminently fits her to play the heroine's part

were probably in the habit of receiving many such letters and would thrive on it. So I am writing a straightforward letter, in the hope that you may deign to reply,



MEREDITH WILLSON AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUDYING THE MUSICAL SCORE OF HIS NEW PICTURE

This is the first picture taken of the great little comedian since the start of his newest, *The Great Dictator*, in which Meredith Willson was to conduct the symphony orchestra at the production at San Francisco Fair on August 27



HERBERT MARSHALL AND BETTE DAVIS OFF SET DURING THE FILMING OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S "THE LETTER"

Herbert Marshall was in the first version of Somerset Maugham's exciting romance of the Far East with Jeanne Eagels, and is in the remake with Bette Davis. The stage play was on at the Playhouse in 1927, with Gladys Cooper in the lead

## THE SHAPE OF FILMS TO COME



NAZIMOVA MAKES HER FIRST TALKIE IN "ESCAPE"

With the famous actress are (left) the director, Mervyn Leroy, and (right) Lawrence Weingarten, who has brought the famous Galsworthy play to the screen. Nazimova plays Emmy Ritter, the girl of the town, the part played by Ursula Jeans in the stage version at the Ambassadors in 1926. Robert Taylor plays the part of the unjustly condemned escaped convict from Dartmoor, and Norma Shearer the shingled woman who helps him. It is an episodic but very exciting story



GERALDINE FITZGERALD AND MERLE OBERON IN "TILL WE MEET AGAIN"

This melancholy romance all about a lady who meets a man who has been condemned to death is due at the Warner Theatre on August 30, and Hollywood has asserted that it is "one of the most beautiful love stories ever told." George Brent plays the man. Geraldine Fitzgerald was with Merle Oberon in *Wuthering Heights*

A  
**YOUNG ARTIST  
IN HER  
CHELSEA STUDIO**

**MISS JESSICA STONOR  
AND  
SOME OF HER WORK**



A CHARMING SILHOUETTE OF THE ARTIST-SCULPTRESS. THE RIGHT KIND OF LIGHT IS ON THE EASEL

The very talented young daughter of the late Major the Hon. Maurice Stonor, with whose artistic activities the pictures in these two pages are concerned, will hold her third exhibition "somewhere in London" some time in the autumn. Miss Stonor had her first exhibition in February of this year at the Ackermann Galleries, where her medallion of H.R.H. the Duke of Kent won much deserved praise, and this was followed by another one at the Beaux Arts. It is a fair prediction that the third exhibition will be equally successful, for the quality of the young artist-sculptress's work is unquestionable. She was trained as a sculptor but is now devoting her talent to another medium—oils. She first developed her talent in Yugoslavia under the direction of O. Nemon, and derived stimulus and inspiration from the works of such Jugoslavian masters as Mestrovitch and Augustinovitch. Miss Stonor was in both Zagreb and Belgrade. She has now gone back to her uncle, Lord Camoys, at Stonor Henley, to continue her Red Cross work, but hopes to paint a few landscapes in her spare time—if any!



ON THE STUDIO WALLS: SOME SPECIMENS OF MISS STONOR'S WORK  
L. to r.: a sketch for sculpture, "Mother and Child," a still-life painting, a bas-relief of Lady Marguerite Strickland; more still-life and another sketch, "In the Fields"



A CORNER OF THE CHARMING STUDIO; ON THE WALLS ARE SOME OF THE YOUNG ARTIST'S WORKS



MISS JESSICA STONOR, V.A.D., NOW CONTINUING HER RED CROSS WORK.



OFF ON A SHOPPING EXPEDITION ON THE PETROL-SAVING PUSH-BIKE

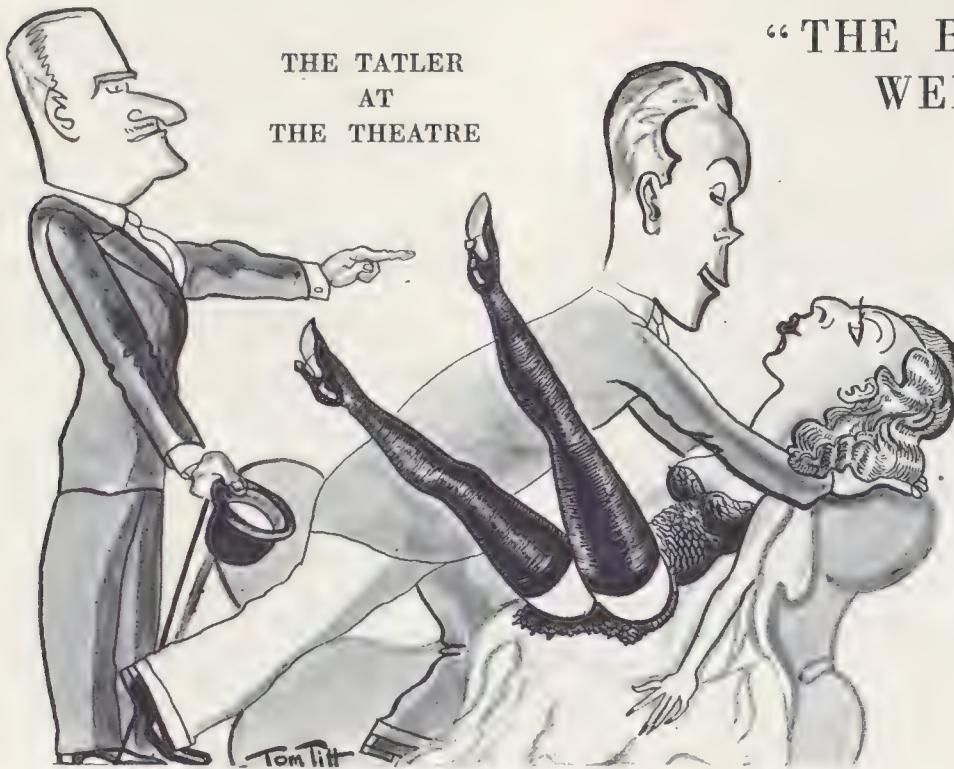
(BELOW) SOME OF THE ARTIST'S WORK

Still-life, bas-reliefs of Sir Ronald Campbell and Miss Diana Barnato and a bust of Mrs. Thomas Lascelles Iremonger



CORRESPONDENCE TIME; AND (BELOW) MISS STONOR BUSY ON A BAS-RELIEF





ANTHONY SHAW AS REGINALD WILLOUGHBY-PRATT, BARRY K. BARNES  
AS WILLIAM BLAKE, DIANA CHURCHILL AS ANN VINCENT

THE body needed to be exceedingly well nourished. After taking a murderous knock from a pair of knobby fire-tongs, and after spending some hours buried in a grand piano, it was still able to totter out for further punishment. It was promptly chloroformed. What happened to it thereafter we are not told. It is one of a great many things we should like to know that this piece does not tell us. The authors (and, incidentally, Mr. Frank Launder and Mr. Sidney Gilliat are also the authors of the amusing film *Night Train to Munich*) might argue that, since they were writing a comedy-thriller, they were bound by no laws whatsoever. True, no doubt, up to a point. All we ask in this kind is that we shall be amused and that we shall be thrilled. How it is done, provided that it is done, matters not a hoot. Yet the law that a dramatist must satisfy curiosity which he has been at pains to provoke is a dangerous law to flout. It is always as well to instil into the mind of an audience the comfortable feeling that things hang together after their own fashion, and are capable, if called upon, of explaining themselves.

This is just what Messrs. Launder and Gilliat neglect to do. Their piece takes its own mystery not quite seriously enough. It would not be so bad if the mystery happened to be swamped by the fun. This, alas! is far from being the case. The piece does not take its mystery quite seriously enough because it takes the love-affairs of its hero and heroine rather too seriously. While the body is still lying *perdu* in the piano, Mr. Barry K. Barnes, a salesman of vacuum-cleaners, and Miss Diana Churchill, an incoming tenant of the partially furnished house, are passing through the interminable opening phases of love-at-first-sight. She is flabbergasted by his impudence, which she obviously feels to be immensely fetching. He is stung by her assumed indifference into rash theories which he cannot substantiate, the theory, for instance, that blood be-spattered over carpet and table hints at

foul play. When her intolerant and intolerable fiancé huffs and puffs the intruder's suspicions away, she is softened by pity into a provisional liking for the foolish fellow. The liking does not last, of course, but it returns. And while she continues to blow hot and to blow cold upon her admirer, the clue of the bloodstained carpet grows steadily colder in our minds. We can scarcely be expected to work up an interest in the hearts of characters who have no characters to speak of. It is not until the very end of the first act that the well-nourished lady is suffered to dangle a crimson-gloved hand down the side of the grand piano.

The play picks up at once. In the house opposite, presiding gently over a tennis

## "THE BODY WAS WELL NOURISHED"

By

ANTHONY COOKMAN

committee, is Mr. Malcolm Keen, and in him we are quick to recognise the right kind of villain for a comedy-thriller. He is not a character, perhaps, but he is a gorgeously exuberant caricature of one—a mild-mannered, courteous man who has a purely professional interest in murder. He would murder his own mother if the price were satisfactory, and do it with style. As cool as a cucumber in the presence of corpses, he is as patronising to the German agent as a specialist to a mere general practitioner.

The job is well paid, and his employer may accordingly count on first-class service. The Cabinet Minister to be murdered is to arrive at a small seaside inn incognito with his shrinking typist. There is no hurry, no need for fuss. Before a Cabinet Minister can be murdered, his secretary must be put out of the way. Why? We are not told; but in this case it does not matter, for the piece is swinging along and Mr. Keen carries conviction on the true, comedy-thriller plane. He departs in good spirits—the blandest of murderers and the most careless—taking with him a gadget which, inserted into a wireless receiving set, will blow the inn and the Cabinet Minister and his shrinking mistress sky-high. He leaves the corpse where it lies, doubtless a safe enough method of procedure if it were less well nourished than he supposes.

The final act in the seaside inn, though it has some nice touches of humour, is marred by the author's quenchless interest in love. But Mr. Barnes and Miss Churchill work extremely hard to make the final throes of love-at-first-sight appear significant, there are one or two minor sketches which stiffen the tension of the main story of murder, and the big bang, when at last it comes, is, on the whole, worth waiting for.



MALCOLM KEEN AS HAWKINS, SCOTT HARROLD AS MONTAGUE,  
PETER COZENS AS BAUER



JACK HULBERT, NOW A "SPECIAL," AND CECILY COURNEIDGE ON THEIR FARM AT ESSENDON

And they are not playing at it, either, raising corn, chickens, pigs, and what not and selling in the local markets

## "JACK'S THE BOY"

DOWN ON THE FARM—THE HULBERTS AT HOME



MRS. PIG AND THRIVING FAMILY

The owners really do most of the work themselves, and *Jack's the Boy* is not merely the name of an amusing film. Jack is putting his back into it and so is Cecily



DOING A BIT OF HOEING IN THE CABBAGE-PATCH:  
A HARD JOB OF WORK



A LIGHT MOTOR-PLOUGH AND JACK; AND (BELOW) STACKING THE STOOKS

It is more than a bit appropriate that the general release of that rollicking film, *Jack's the Boy*, should coincide with Jack Hulbert's swearing-in as a special constable of the Metropolitan Force, for in the film he also turns policeman and has plenty of fun rounding up a gang of car bandits. In the spare time he and his most charming wife run this 100-acre farm of theirs at Essendon, in Hertfordshire, and run it most professionally and not by any means as a pastime, as the pictures in this page very amply demonstrate



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Hotel Turmoil

**F**OR the moment I am living in a small West Country town wherein profiteering is not only obvious but rampant. Like everyone else who feels himself victimised by men and circumstance, I am extremely, but quite uselessly, bitter. Perhaps the situation in which we find ourselves helps to make us the more cantankerous. High hills are all very lovely in their way, but to be surrounded entirely by high hills gives rather the mental impression of living inside a box with the lid off. And this restricted atmosphere probably makes our outlook equally restricted. So often we reflect mentally—also morally—our surroundings.

At any rate, most of us have got into such a state that we scarcely admire the view for the price the hotel management has just demanded for a cup of the weakest possible tea... "It should be stopped!" we all declare; our helplessness to stop it only increasing our exasperation. How it should be stopped, or by whom, we do not enquire. But stopped it should be, and this final declaration comes as something of relief. Whereat we partake of a second cup and become almost oblivious to the fact that time has in no way increased its flavour. Meanwhile, prosperity has merely engendered moroseness in the management. "Take it or leave it," he seems to say, and we take it, knowing we cannot leave until our time is up. So we all become extremely meek without having the least hope of inheriting anything, let alone the earth! My own one consolation is that, placed in the same circumstances, I might quite easily assume the same attitude.

Power can run to the strongest heads, and the owner of even a pound of hoarded tea quickly feels like lording it over the possessor of a two-ounce ration. Most of us are like that. One never really knows what our attitude will be until circumstances prove it for us. Then ourselves, and our friends, may get a pleasant, or equally unpleasant, surprise. Those who know they cannot get away with it unseen almost invariably ride high horses. Since I have experienced the fact that no handbag left unguarded is safe even amidst the most select assembly, I have begun to realise that morality is often merely a question of discovery, not so often of conviction. Which sounds cynical, but in reality makes for greater optimism towards the people we can trust.

**T**HIS spirit animates Mr. Stephen Lister's delightfully-written book, "Mistral Hotel" (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.). It is the story of life in and around an hotel situated along the less-advertised coast of the French Riviera. It got its name from the famous wind which gives so many English tourists a cold in the head and blows the lazy and

the prosperous into bed for a week. It blew terrifically when the hotel was opened, but the gale of international affairs blew stronger still. And yet the whole affair started in the midst of an almost sheltered calm. Which is often the manner of life-storms. The author lived a delightfully secluded existence. As every reader of his earlier book, "Savoy Grill at One," will know, he left England spiritually surfeited by big business and the type of men and women who go with it. Consequently, he sought solace in the quiet village of Ste. Monique and found his fun and happiness in a comparatively simple life, content among comparatively simple people. It is always enjoyable to

of unpronounceable names, he was treated merely in the manner of some distant bore. Consequently, a company of financiers decided to build a huge hotel in the village and grow rich on British and American money. Unfortunately, although the money was there, ready to be poured out on any kind of thing which starts as a novelty and inevitably ends as a dreary repetition, it did not materialise quickly enough. The company went bankrupt and the hotel became merely a folly. It was then that the charming and persuasive parish priest, Father Delorme, stepped in. He knew how to flatter and to stimulate—two almost irresistible temptations. Mr. Lister still had some capital; he still had much influence among the rich; he knew how to run a luxury hotel. So why not float another company and take over the folly and turn it into financial wisdom?

Well, he did so, and the result is a slightly cynical, but always light and amusing, account of his experiences: hence the present quite delightful book. Perhaps it could not help being amusing, given Mr. Lister's lightness of touch and sense of character, because he immediately gathered around him the most cosmopolitan staff imaginable. Then the very boldness of his prices attracted all those with money to burn and no sense of responsibility beyond their own self-gratifications. The hotel became for one brief period a huge financial success. Everybody who felt they must be somebody, or go bankrupt in the attempt, flocked to Ste. Monique. Mr. Lister knew how to feed them and pander to their vanity, and to charge them with the utmost consideration and charm. It worked the miracle, as it always does. His picture of the inside management of a luxury hotel is as revealing as anything I have ever read concerning such a thing. There was not much of which his knowledge of human nature did not avail him. But although he knew how to hate, he also knew how to love, and he makes you hate and love in his company. Both are aimed at the right kind of human target. The result is a very lifelike picture; while his own behind-the-scenes account of hotel management is an education for those who merely judge of hotels by their beds and their bills.

You may not belong to that kind of world yourself, but an honest picture of any kind of world is always entertaining. "Mistral Hotel" is well worth a visit in the company of its author; and although the war blew it, so to speak, right into the Mediterranean, its like will spring to life again once the war is over. Somebody always seems to make a profit out of world disasters. Even the owners of the dirtiest little rooms-to-let in our own West Country. That it never seems to come our way only makes us the more ardent to stop it. Only nobody knows quite how!

(Continued on page 292)



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

## PENSIONS MINISTER AND PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY

Sir Walter Womersley, M.P. for Grimsby, and Minister of Pensions since 1939, is a Yorkshireman, and has first-hand knowledge of working conditions in this country. He made his own way in the world since the age of ten, when he worked in a factory. By the time he was twenty-one he started business on his own, and within recent years has held several Government posts. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, who recently underwent a successful operation for appendicitis at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, is seen with the Minister dealing with a special case which is to come under the War Service Grant. All cases of hardship are thoroughly examined on their merits by Sir Walter Womersley and Miss Wilkinson

live a boxed-up existence when once you know and are tired of the kind of turmoil which goes on inevitably outside the box.

So the book begins with delightful descriptions of the villagers at Ste. Monique, their manners, their ways, their emotional and humorous sides. Unfortunately, in those days, which now seem like a few centuries ago, a man named Hitler was beginning to be out and about. Even Ste. Monique heard about him, but as his machinations seemed only to deal with countries none of them had ever heard of and with places possessed

## WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 2



## A NEAT DEVICE FOR CATCHING WOPS

BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY BEUTTLER

This picture is so eloquently explanatory that to add even one word would almost savour of painting the lily. However, as there may be some simple folk who have never encountered the Italian waiter, it is necessary to explain that the itching palm put it into the mind of the Fleet Air Arm to adopt this clever device for inducing Dago submarines to break surface. Once a waiter, always a waiter

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

## Thoughts from "Mistral Hotel"

"TRUE conservatism never flourishes in the lands where the peasants have become factory hands."

"Nothing in the world is so sensitive as money, except the people who possess it."

"I wonder whether a theologian has ever studied logic and after doing so has remained a theologian?"

"The penalty when the common man mismanages his affairs is the shameful procedure of bankruptcy and possible prosecution. The penalty for the ruler who mismanages affairs of a nation and plunges millions into disaster of war is merely exile in luxury."

## "Cranford" Redressed

A new illustrated edition of "Cranford" is always a challenge to my own "Hugh Thompson." Hugh Thompson seems to me to have been the ideal illustrator of Mrs. Gaskell's ever-green enchanter, just as he always seems to have been born to illustrate Jane Austen. Nevertheless, the new edition, illustrated by Joan Hassall and published by Messrs. Harrap (10s. 6d.), is delightful. Miss Hassall has, so to speak, put more body into the characters than Hugh Thompson ever did. Her Hon. Mrs. Jamieson, for example, is grimly and yet humorously typical of all those honourable ladies who, thirty years ago, used invariably to rule small country towns on the strength of that honourability. Even Miss Matty, usually such a shadow picture of sweetness and old lace, inherits in Miss Hassall's wood-cuts a definite character a swell as a bitter-sweet resignation. Delightful, however, as this newly-illustrated edition is, I welcomed it most warmly on my own behalf because it gave me an excuse to revisit Cranford. And I think that everybody who can read the book, and, strangely enough, some can't, should pay it another visit—if only to get away from these times into times when people were given the leisure to live and lived life leisurely.

What charm there is in the book! The kind of charm which even familiarity cannot wither; in fact, I think it increases it. It is so tender, yet so gay; so quietly witty and yet so sadly wise—like laughter and recollection, followed by a sigh. Sentimental it may be, but sentiment allied to fun is always irresistible. Maybe it is a period picture, but in the essential of human nature it is of any period. We may react differently to our emotions nowadays, but the emotions remain the same underneath. Although I should not

be able to confess how many times I have read "Cranford," I can still feel moved by the story of the gallant Captain Brown, the visit of Miss Matty to her old lover; I can still laugh at Miss Pole

and enjoy all the genteel eccentricities of the Cranford ladies. Probably no minor classic is so well-beloved, nor one which more deserves this affection. Especially in these days, when its air of remoteness from existing tragedies is both a holiday and a quiet consolation—like a happy, logical dream which it is nice to remember throughout the watchful turn-of-the-day.

## A Truthful Story

TRAGIC and often terrible though it may be, I consider it is good for us to read such a finely-conceived book as Mr. Eric Knight's "Now Pray We for Our Country" (Cassell; 9s.). It shows us that for some men and women there is a peace quite as courage-testing as war, and in both one and the other character counts, and counts finally. The country of the story is a Yorkshire mining village. In the beginning all is prosperity. The men are well paid, the women cook good, nourishing meals and keep their ugly and nearly always overcrowded cottages as clean as the proverbial new pin. Then comes the closing-down of the pit under the rationalisation scheme and the gradual break-up of the home and, in many cases, the moral and physical decay of the inhabitants. Poverty, with all its attendant miseries, stalks the district.

Nevertheless, Thora Clough, the heroine of the story, tries valiantly to stand out against the demoralisation which sets in. Stubbornly she tries to keep her father and brothers off the dole. For a time she almost succeeds, but when all their hard-earned savings are exhausted, the inevitable descent into semi-slum existence begins. One brother tramps the countryside seeking vainly for work; a young sister is forced to go to London and danger. One member of the family keeps his head boldly up; another, through weakness of character, which in any circumstances of struggle would inevitably go under, gives way beneath the strain.

The whole sad picture of human decay and human triumph is here, increased or humiliated as each man's character is influenced by such things as training camps, means tests, the philanthropist entirely devoid of imagination and understanding, and the insidious demoralisation, or otherwise, of having all the day on one's hands and nothing worth-while to do with it. This is a fine story, written, rightly, with indignation, but nevertheless just towards all facts. It is at once tragic but inspiring. For this reason it should suit the mood of to-day. Not for many weeks have I read a novel which so greatly impressed me—angering me, yet comforting me at the same time.



Lenore

## LORD AND LADY TEYNHAM AND THEIR SONS

Commander Lord Teynham, now in naval control of the Port of London Authority, is a former shipmate of His Majesty the King. He is the former Hon. Christopher Roper-Curzon, served all through the last war, and succeeded his father in 1936. Lady Teynham is a kinswoman of Viscount Melville. The two sons are the Hon. John and the Hon. Michael Roper-Curzon



## CHRISTENED DURING AN AIR RAID

Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacDermot (Diana Morgan), the authors of that amusing revue, *Swinging the Gate*, at the Ambassadors, after the christening of their son, Richard Morgan Derry, at All Souls', Langham Place. When the sirens went and the vicar asked if he should wait, Mrs. MacDermot said, "No, Hitler won't stop us!"



STONELEIGH ABBEY: A VIEW FROM THE LAKE OF LORD AND LADY LEIGH'S BEAUTIFUL SEAT AT KENILWORTH

## COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 14:

STONELEIGH  
ABBAY,  
KENILWORTH

(ON LEFT)  
LADY LEIGH AND SOME  
OF THE LITTLE GIRLS  
FROM ST. JOSEPH'S  
CONVENT, COVENTRY

The place is the Natural History Collection at Stoneleigh and the two little girls are Doreen Egginton and Shirley Clawson, two of the ninety-eight children evacuated to this lovely spot in Warwickshire from the convent in Coventry. The particular exhibit which is being shown is probably a sambhur, one of the biggest, if not the biggest, stags in the world. Lady Leigh is a kinswoman of Lord St. Aldwyn and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Hicks-Beach.





STONELEIGH ABBEY, KENILWORTH. THE "NEW PART," BUILT EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BY SMITH, OF WARWICK



THE BRIDGE IN THE PARK MIRRORED IN THE WATER



CHILDREN OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, COVENTRY, EVACUATED TO STONELEIGH.  
TWO OF THE NUNS TAKE A CLASS FOR THE LITTLE ONES



THE REVEREND MOTHER, WITH SISTER USED AS HIS ASSISTANT



(ON LEFT)  
A SMALL PERSON  
ENJOYING HERSELF  
IN A VERY LARGE  
BATH

(ON RIGHT)  
A TRICYCLE RACE  
FOR THE BOYS  
FROM THE GATE  
HOUSE





THE ORNAMENTAL WATER WHICH IT SPANS



THE "OLD PART," SOME OF WHICH DATES BACK TO THE TWELFTH CENTURY,  
ORIGINALLY A CISTERCIAN MONASTERY



SISTER MARY FRANCES, IN THE ROOM  
HER OFFICE

## FORMER CISTERCIAN MONASTERY IS WARTIME CONVENT HOME

Since last August St. Joseph's Convent School of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy has been evacuated from Coventry to Lord and Lady Leigh's beautiful home, Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth, which has been in their family for several centuries. Parts of the old building date back to the twelfth century, and the Abbey was originally a Cistercian monastery. The old wing is entirely self-contained, and used by the family; the "new part," built about 1720, is occupied by 98 children of the Convent School, the Reverend Mother and the Sisters of the Convent. A few small boys have been allowed to join their sisters for the duration of the war. They all enjoy their new surroundings to the utmost, the fine panelled rooms as classrooms; large bedrooms with views over the Park as dormitories, and the stone-vaulted refectory as their dining-room.



SOME OF THE OLDER PUPILS PREPARE THE LITTLE ONES FOR BED  
(BELOW) BEDTIME ABLUTIONS





Photos.: Yevonde  
LADY GEORGE SCOTT AND HER WORK

Mary Winn Scott is the brush-name which Lady George Scott has adopted as a portrait-painter. Before her marriage in 1938 to Lord George Scott, the good-looking brother of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and of the Duke of Buccleuch, she was Miss Mary Winona Mannin (Molly) Bishop, the well-known sketch-artist, and daughter of Lieut.-Colonel H. O. Bishop, of Harewood, Andover, Hants. After her marriage she took up oil-painting and has made tremendous progress in this branch of art, as can be seen from the two excellent portraits shown on this page. On the left her brother, Mr. Tim Bishop, and on the right her husband, Lord George Scott, both of whom are serving in famous cavalry regiments. These pictures were hung at the Exhibition of the London Portrait Society at the Burlington Galleries

(LEFT) MR. TIM BISHOP

(RIGHT) LORD GEORGE SCOTT





ADMIRAL'S SON AND ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER

Miss Peggy Hopwood, younger daughter of Admiral Ronald Hopwood, C.B., and Mrs. Hopwood, of Sloane Gardens, was married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, on August 20, to Lieutenant Charles Patrick C. Noble, R.N.V.R., son of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, K.C.B., and Lady Noble, of Admiralty House, Hong Kong, and Sloane Court, S.W.1



MAJOR AND THE HON. MRS. THOMAS DAVIES

The wedding took place at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, of Major Thomas Davies, Grenadier Guards, second son of General Sir Francis and Lady Davies, of Elmley Castle, Worcestershire, and the Hon. Eileen Brougham, daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Henry Brougham and the Hon. Mrs. Brougham, of Hyde Park Street. She was given away by her brother, Lord Brougham and Vaux



STAGE PRODUCER AND WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS MARRIED

Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, daughter of the late Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and his wife, Miss Gertrude Elliott, was married to Mr. André van Gyseghem, the producer. Miss Forbes-Robertson played the part of Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. She toured a short time ago in J. B. Priestley's play, *The Long Mirror*

## AUGUST WEDDINGS IN LONDON

### (BELOW) BARON AND BARONESS DE ROBECK

Lieut.-Col. Baron de Robeck, Royal Artillery, of Gowran Grange, Naas, Co. Kildare, was married at St. James's, Piccadilly, on August 17 to Miss Katherine Simpson, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Hugh Simpson, of Hutton-in-the-Forest, Penrith, Cumberland. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Simpson, and three children, and Major B. L. de Robeck was best man to his brother

VISCOUNT AND VISCONTESS MASSEREENE  
AND FERRARD

Bishop Hensley-Henson officiated at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, at the marriage of Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, of Antrim Castle, Co. Antrim, and Knock, Isle of Mull, to Mrs. Vere-Laurie, of Carlton Hall, Newark, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Sydney Skeffington and widow of Colonel George Brenton Laurie, Royal Irish Rifles

# SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

## "The Tatler" in Town and Country

I THINK there should be some kind of synchronising device for making English people talk foreign languages, as all the favourite, familiar Hollywood toughs do in cinemas abroad. Surely it could be arranged for real life? A little contraption fixed to the lapel, with perhaps a breast-pocket battery.



RETURNING TO DUTY AFTER LUNCH

Miss Monica Sheriff, who is so well known in Leicestershire hunting circles in peacetime, is now a member of the Mechanised Transport Corps. She has snatched time to have lunch at a Curzon Street restaurant, and is seen with Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford, who, before her marriage in 1939, was Miss Katharine Balke, of Cincinnati, U.S.A. Her husband is heir to his brother, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, the present baronet

Not that anything of the sort was needed at a big dinner given at the Overseas League to celebrate execution day for a batch of General de Gaulle's followers. Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Chairman of the Welcome Committee (and M.P. for Portsmouth South, Master of the Aldenham Harriers, and one of the only Sealyham packs in the country), started off with a fluent and amusing speech in French, and there were several more: from Lord Bessborough, Admiral Muselier, Sir Edward Grigg, Mr. Noel Baker, Sir Victor Warrender, Sir Richard Bird, and, particularly spry and jolly, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who then rushed off, all smiles, to broadcast. Lady Lucas, Sir Jocelyn's charming wife, had plenty of gay Gallic compliments after dinner, when the chaps enjoyed some dancing. In the Paul Jones there were some revolts from the rule of accepting your directly opposite number. Instead, with happy twitterings, the impulsive fellows proved their enjoyment of the evening by a free-for-all scramble.

The only set-back to an excellent evening was a whine out of turn from the sirens, just before dinner. A curious feeling of arrested development seems to be the result of spending any length of time in the colourless, featureless, entirely nebulous gloom of a really authentic air-raid shelter. Practically a pre-natal environment, in which time seems to be lost rather than spent. Baron von Alvensleben emerged from one of these cessations in Hyde Park, to speed back to his sculpting. *Vive the creative spirit!*

### French Again

ALL the girls who speak French really well are rushing to the canteen at the White City to dish out food and repartee to the French soldiers. Mrs. Jim Durran, very slim and smart and efficient, Mrs. "Taffy" Rodd (Nancy Mitford, whose new book, "Pigeon Pie," is beautifully funny) and Mrs. Mark Oliver, fond of art, are among those at it. Canteen work seems to be about the only war-work, except maybe knitting, which can be done without

By BRIDGET CHETWYND

uniform. The girls in khaki and blue fill the restaurants, and dance with a creak of leather which matches their escorts'.

The Ladies' Carlton Club, just reopened, was a lunchtime exception the other day. There was no silvery tinkle of men's voices either, but I am told that it raises the roof in the evenings. The tightening-up of the

(Continued on page 300)



ON THE STEPS OF THE RITZ

The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor, formerly Miss Jeanne Stourton, married Lord Camoys' son and heir in 1938. She is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Stourton, a daughter of Viscount Southwell. She is seen leaving the Ritz after lunch with Mrs. Lebbeus Hordern, who, before her marriage in May, was Miss Ursula Gibbons, daughter of the late Sir Walter Gibbons, and of Doris, Lady Orr-Lewis



AT THE OFFICERS' SUNDAY CLUB—DÉBUTANTE HOSTESSES AT THE DORCHESTER —

The Dowager Marchioness Townshend of Raynham is Chairman and Founder of the Officers' Sunday Club, with Headquarters at the Dorchester. It is open to officers of the British, Dominion and Allied Forces, who find splendid entertainment, organised by Mr. C. B. Cochran; dancing; and pleasant company. Three débutantes waiting to greet guests are, from l. to r., Miss V. Gude, Miss P. Bennett and Miss Ginette Hart



Miss Yvonne Francis, Miss Priscilla Pettigrew, Miss Pamela Skewes-Cox and Miss Jeane Wilkinson are also seen waiting for the arrival of guest officers of all nationalities, who are only too glad to avail themselves of the hospitality offered to them by the Officers' Sunday Club. Among artists who have given their services in the cabaret are Alice Delyria, Vic Oliver, Florence Desmond and Jack Warner. Mrs. Winston Churchill is President of the Club



W.V.S. INSPECTION IN THE BORDER COUNTRY

Clapperton

During a recent tour of the Border Country Lady Ruth Balfour (chairman) visited the Selkirk Centre with the Countess of Rosebery (carrying despatch-case), Liaison Officer, and is seen with Mrs. Harrison (on left), W.V.S. County Organiser, and Mrs. Hay (on right), W.V.S. Organiser for the Burgh of Selkirk. Lady Ruth Balfour is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Balfour



Holloway

RED CROSS FÊTE IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

The Earl and Countess Spencer are seen with Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. G. Hobson (centre) watching the competitors in a fancy-dress parade walk past at a fete held in aid of the Red Cross at Harpole Hall, Northants. Before her marriage in 1919 Lady Spencer was Lady Cynthia Hamilton, the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn



AT THE MEATH HUNT DANCE

Mr. H. Barrington-Jellett (centre), who hunts with the Ward Union Staghounds, is seen with Mrs. Colthurst (sister-in-law of Sir George Colthurst, Joint-Master of the Muskerry Hounds) and the Hon. Mrs. Tristram Massy, who is well known with the Meath and Kildare Hounds and is the châtelaine of Leixlip Castle, Co. Kildare

## AT WORK AND AT PLAY

(BELOW)  
A DRINK AND A  
SMOKE AT THE  
RECENT MEATH  
DANCE

Mr. T. Winder and  
Miss Eileen Jones, well known  
in the Waterford  
hunting country,  
supping together  
at the Meath Hunt  
Ball, held at the  
Gresham Hotel,  
Dublin

Photos.: Poole, Dublin



TAKING THE FLOOR

The Meath dance was held on the eve of the Fifteen Hundred, the big race at Phoenix Park. In the picture Mr. J. Aimers, on his first leave since he joined the Navy, is seen dancing with Miss Corinne Odlum, who hunts with the Kildare Hounds, and is the daughter of Mr. Claude Odlum, the Irish racehorse owner, who for the past few seasons has been one of the Masters hunting the Kildare

for the Committee

## SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT—continued

cheque situation has spread even here. "Not in wartime!" sternly cry the custodians of the cash, when a heavily sponsored non-member attempts to get at a pound or two. Do even the Right People become more dishonest in wartime?

Still remotely French is the Napoleon the Third furniture elegantly inhabiting Princess Wolkonsky's Albert Hall Mansions flat. It was actually his own, and originally covered in several layers of very grand satin with handsome pattern, which has been beautifully and exactly copied. The Princess, who used to be Mrs. Barton French, and lived a great deal on the Riviera, had a cocktail-party to celebrate the joint birthdays of her daughter, Mrs. Bird, and Mr. Percy Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford were there, driven to London from the Riviera, where they have lived for many years. His grandfather's famous books, of course, cropped up. "Ideal for films! The very thing. Too little of it about nowadays." There was stirring talk of the Old Days, particularly in Monte Carlo. The parties. The gambling. The titles. The scandals. Very nostalgic. Princess Wolkonsky said, with all her American enthusiasm, "We are at the end of an era! Whatever lies ahead will be very, very different. Interesting and stirring, History in the making." The Old Days were buried, but humanely.

## Trip North

FROM the country come alarming rumours of the Nazis' savage drive against cows. Several of these unassuming creatures have died for their country. Probably it is confusing from the air, and herds of soldiers camping in the fields are so well camouflaged that the sight of a cow must immediately suggest at least a couple of Colonels being discreetly valiant.

In Yorkshire, war activities are brisk. Mrs. Fullerton, of Noblethorpe, leads her local W.V.S., which includes canteen work. Mrs. Freddie Dundas, from Cawthorne, and Miss Madge Reynard, are both helping with this. An offshoot of it is the Concerts for the Troops, always a merry-sounding idea. The first one, organised by Mrs. Fullerton, was a great success, including the jokes about the Sergeant-Major, who responded with a speech, fascinating proof of being as tame as you or I.

Colonel and Mrs. St. Andrew Warde-Aldam have baled out of this particular area, and left Hooton Pagnell for Northumberland, to make sure the grouse up there get what is coming to them. Reports of these from Scotland are poor, but Mr. Macro Wilson spoke well of first bags in Yorkshire, where their cosily luxurious croak can be heard up to the very outskirts of Sheffield.

An elegant note is struck in Sheffield by Mr. Pat Egan's new establishment. Here the one-time helmsman of the *Endeavour*, and owner (with his brothers) of the *Hispania*, entertains among his large dogs and larger trophies (in between strenuous Home Guarding and steel-making). Mr. Hugh Armitage, managing director of Brown Bayleys and ex-Captain

of the Boats at Eton, and glamorous Pop member, is a fairly prevalent guest, his own home being out at Bakewell, some way from work. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Barker, who live opposite, help to dispose of Pimms and such in the cool of the evening, and Commander and Mrs. Ian Gibson move in when a hostess-chaperon is in demand,



Hay Wrightson

## THE HON. MRS. CHARLES CAVENDISH

A recent portrait of Lord Chesham's and Margot Lady Chesham's daughter-in-law. When she married Lord Chesham's son and heir in 1937 the Hon. Mrs. Charles Cavendish was Miss Mary Edmunds Marshall

Mr. Egan being what is known as "a stickler for the proprieties."

## Temperature Chart

NOT the weather, which is out of the papers nowadays, though not mercifully for strangers, yet banned as



AN EVE-OF-THE-WEDDING PARTY

The wedding in particular was that of Mr. J. E. Seymour, Grenadier Guards, only son of Major Sir Edward and Lady Blanche Seymour, and Miss Elizabeth Brand, only child of Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, a brother of Lord Hampden, and the late Lady Brand. Some of the bridegroom's brother-officers were the hosts. In the picture are Major Richard Herbert, Lieut. Patrick Britten, the bridegroom and Mr. Peter Hanbury

conversation. "Would you like the window up or down?" "Oh, down, I think. It's such a treat to see the sun—" still rings through the trains of Britain. And elsewhere. But the way things seem to be going on.

The word "Edwardian" always seems to mean very white buckskin shoes with cut steel buckles, and huge bunches of Parma violets, with lots of hats and gloves, and a sort of cinematic blur of top-hats and spats in the background. Now, no one trend prevails. Perhaps the announcement of high heels being soon curtailed for national economy has set the more frivolous girls out of uniform titupping on spikes, but hats or not have for long been a matter of choice. In Bond Street Miss Xandra Lee's long dark hair was uncovered, while in Regent Street Miss Kathleen Meyrick, of the famous sisters, wore a hat. In Piccadilly Mr. Walter Crisham, very faun-like and full of *souplesse*, was, of course, bareheaded, while in Stratton Street Mr. Henry Bousfield, the writer, was firmly established beneath grey felt. Mrs. John Stourton, whose M.P. husband, brother of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, is in the Army, wears very spirit-raising hats on, not over, her lovely red hair. Make-up has perhaps steadied a little, though there is still an occasional banana-coloured face, purple mouth, and green eyelid to fortify spectators against the coming black-out. And, too, the lovely uniforms. Pale blues (Poles?) tasseled hats, kilts, Tartan trews, and all the rest. Gay material for a series of modern prints, to be put down for future generations to call "quaint." In the jewellers' shops a quantity of regimental badge brooches, all prices. Do the girls wear their own or their boy friends'? And why not badged cuff-links and cigarette-cases for men, with the signs of the W.A.A.F., A.T.S., W.R.N.S., etc. ?

## Shopping Interval

PLEASANT dreams were given to an afternoon doze in Harrods' by the presence, against a background of highly-coloured gloves and the strange, perfunctory devices known as Haberdashery, of Flora Lion and Mr. van Gelder. He is H. G. Wells's double—oh, yes, really. Indistinguishable to the lay eye. Perhaps, indeed, an elaborate incognito? If he weren't so well known as himself.

I thought he was a bit like the late Willy Clarkson, too, whom I don't really remember, except that I once went up in an aeroplane with him—just a joy trip. Neither of us spoke a word. I wanted it to be over, to remember, but didn't enjoy it at the time, being too young. At seventeen one is too keen on getting a bit of Experience to have much real fun. Anyway, Mr. van Gelder made me remember all that, so he must be something like. A great man in the world of Art and Music, but unfortunately just off to California with his wife, on account of her health. Robustly cheerful about ultimate victory, towards which Flora Lion has the right and proper Forces-of-Evil-versus-Forces-of-Good attitude. We all know the answer to that one, although we have learned the fatal smugness of leaving the Forces of Good entirely on their own.

*'They cost you less because  
they last so long'*



If you're walking more than you've ever walked before, if you're working harder, spending less, if, in short, you're a woman helping to win the war—then you need Aristoc. For Aristoc cost you less because they last so long, they improve your morale because they look so lovely, and they impart to the simplest war-time clothes that indefinable air of quality so long associated with the aristocrat of silk stockings.



# Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"



GETTING THEIR EYES IN FOR THE HUN

Colonel Lord Tredegar, O.C. a battalion of the Home Guard "somewhere in Wales," with Major A. E. Saunders, D.C.M., putting in a bit of revolver practice

**H**OW Much Do You Know contests being so popular nowadays, here is one which, it is suggested, might attract some of our brightest brains:

- Hitler says that Great Britain is starving Europe.
- Hitler says he is starving Great Britain.
- Hitler says that our blockade of Europe is inhuman.
- Hitler says that his blockade of us is so water-tight that we can neither export nor import.
- Hitler says that he does not care a tinker's malediction about our blockade, because he has an abundance of food and that we cannot starve out him and his new Empire.

Add all this up and try to make sense of it. Even the greatest monomaniac in history cannot have it both ways.

**I**F Hitler has all Europe upon which to draw for supplies, why should he starve? If he has all Europe and is still unable to find enough upon which to feed it, surely the conclusion is forced upon us that Hitler is not what Hitler says Hitler is?

**N**O names no pack drill—but they do say, and the Docs., I hear, are behind it, that some of the persons who have been visiting us recently have been full of cocaine. It is a drug that reacts very readily to a test. It will not work as Dutch courage in the long run and is a dangerous thing with which to play,

as some wicked racing men once discovered to their discomfort.

**I**T was this way. They had a horse in a very big race and they had backed him for a packet. He was suffering from incipient laminitis, which naturally made him go like a cat on hot bricks: so a bit before the time for the contest they gave him a deuce of a prick on his coronets with a hypodermic. What happened then was this: the moment the lad who led him out on to the course loosed his head, he went stark, staring mad and bolted the reverse way all round the track. They managed to stop him somehow and get him lined up at the gate. The moment the tapes went up he went off again like a scalded cat,

and, trying to jump the iron rails back into the saddling paddock, fell and broke his neck. There is a moral to this, if anyone cares to tack it on.

**W**E do not need to dope our pilots. The R.A.F. can keep its tail up without the spurious aid of ginger. All foxhunting chaps will recognise the reference to Mr. Jorrocks' nightmare of how he had a horse for sale. In the meanwhile, why do we treat these brutish louts of the Hun air force as if they were on a plane with our own? Why should common and deliberate murderers, fresh from the slaughter-yards of Tournai, and our own towns, and the defenceless lightships, be given a pint of beer instead of the thing any murderer deserves? This sort of thing makes some of us go hot under the collar.

These Huns come down armed, and there is full justification for giving them what any other armed invader will assuredly get. There is, in fact, more justification in the case of men who have gone out of their way to machine-gun women and children and any other civilians offering an easy target.

The Hun has elected for that very ugly thing, savage warfare: some people might feel inclined to let him have what he has asked for! One of the rules of savage warfare is to leave nothing behind you sufficiently alive to curl a finger round a trigger. Of course, we should never go as far as all that, but it is high time to take the gloves off and give this filthy and cowardly brute a dose of his own medicine. He does not understand the Queensberry Rules and prefers the All-In ones. Why not oblige him?



ETONIAN WOODSMEN

Somewhere in Northants: Lord Althorp (right) and H. Bruce, a nephew of Lord Elgin (in front), and (behind) A. Caldecott, Sir Andrew Caldecott's son, J. Cockburn, M. Harker, and the Hon. Christopher Pease, Lord Wardington's elder son. They get paid sixpence an hour and jolly well earn it!



TWO VETERAN GREYS

Brigadier-General Sir Percy Laurie, formerly in the Greys and also formerly Assistant Commissioner, Metropolitan Police, and that grand old thirty-three-year-old "Quicksilver," whom he rode all through the last war, and now pensioned. Sir Percy Laurie is now Provost Marshal of the United Kingdom

**I**T is difficult to know what to expect from the new Director-General to the M.O.I. Certainly, and unlike his predecessors, he has had experience of the work involved. Indeed, he did a great deal while with the old Underground Railways, now the L.P.T.B., to raise the standard of industrial art. He is also a man of great ability. But can he move the mass of muddle, prejudice and inertia that he will encounter? I should like to hope he will, though it's a lot to expect. The trouble is deep-seated. No one can pretend that we have a good propaganda machine. Göbbels may leave Ananias standing still, but his organisation for putting his lies across is magnificent. It surely ought to be within our power to reach a similar pitch of efficiency, even though "Minny" started late and under such unpromising auspices.

(Continued on page 306)

# *Comfortable quarters*

The calendar still says summer. But men whose public duties call them out in the small hours, find it hard to believe. For the chilly hours before the dawn we recommend our Ulsters. They are very warm, but do not hamper activity. They are very hard-wearing. These overcoats are double-breasted, with good deep collars that bring comfort right up to the ears. Coats of this character at these prices will not be seen again this side of peace-night.



**5½ to 9 GNS**

## AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

103-113 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 • LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



"I blew 'Lights Out' after 'Revally' because I'm going on leave to-day and won't be here to-night"

**T**HE comedian was reviewing to an audience in the club his recent country tour. Everywhere, according to him, he was a sensation. Even in the very toughest towns. Speaking of one small town he shook his head sadly, however.

"Now there," he observed, "was a tough audience. Really tough, I mean. Why, the act ahead of me was hissed off the stage. Yes, really. They just hissed and hissed until he had to get off!"

His voice dropped to a confidential whisper.

"It was Charlie Jones," he told them. "Poor old Charlie! He got it in the neck."

"How did you get on?" asked one of the listeners.

"Oh, fine," replied the comedian airily. "I went over with a bang. But the funniest thing happened. Right in the middle of my act they began to hiss Charlie again!"

**A** Local Defence Volunteer in a lonely spot cried "Halt!" to a man in a car, who promptly halted.

"Halt!" said the L.D.V. again.

"I have halted," said the motorist. "What do you want me to do next?"

"I don't know," said the L.D.V. "My orders are to say 'Halt!' three times and then shoot."

**T**HE minister was inquiring of one of his flock why he had not attended church recently.

"Well, you see, sir," said the man, "I've been troubled with a bunion on my foot."

"Strange," murmured the parson, "that a bunion should impede the pilgrim's progress."

**T**HE weary travellers were lost in the desert. The sun blazed down on the gleaming sands. Suddenly the first traveller's mind went blank. He raised his eyes to the sky. "Look!" he shouted deliriously. "Look at those stairs! They lead to a roof—and on that roof is a glass of iced water. I'm going to climb up!"

The second traveller tried to stop him. "Don't talk like that!" he implored. "Stop it, or you'll drive us both insane!" But his companion shook himself loose. "Don't try to hold me!" he raved. "I'm going to climb up those stairs, I tell you! I see a glass of water on the roof!" He stood in one spot and began to raise his legs as though climbing stairs. On and on he went, always standing in one spot. After a time he paused to rest.

"Getting near the top now," he panted.

"Just a few minutes more and I'll be on the roof. Then I'll have my glass of—" His voice trailed off. He saw his companion standing beside him. "What's this?" he screamed. "You're here, too? How did you beat me up here?"

The other smiled wisely. "I'm not as crazy as you!" he cried hoarsely. "I took the lift!"

**A** barrister was cross-examining a witness, whom he desired should admit his belief in miracles.

"If you saw a man fall from the fifth storey of a house on to the pavement unhurt, what would you call that?"

"I should call it an accident."

"What would you call it if he fell unhurt from the fifteenth storey?"

"Same man?"

"Yes."

"Same place?"

"Yes."

"I should call that a coincidence."

"But what if he fell unhurt from the thirtieth storey?"

"Same man?"

"Yes."

"Same place?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, I should call that a blinkin' habit."

**T**HE actor who was working was approached by a seedy colleague who was "resting."

"Old boy," said the latter, "could you lend me ten bob for a spot of food?"

"You're going to do yourself pretty well, aren't you?" said the other suspiciously. "What sort of food do you propose?"

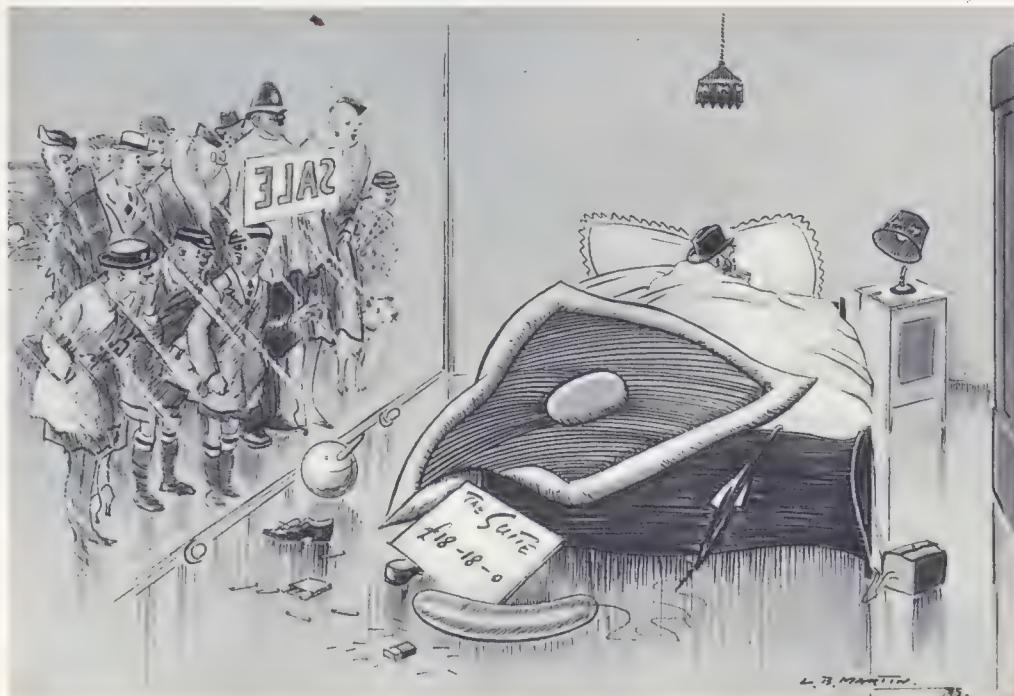
"Oh," said the out-of-work actor vaguely, "fish, you know, fish."

"What sort of fish—goldfish?"

**A** reservist employed by a firm of painters and decorators received his calling-up notice while at work, and wished to "celebrate" forthwith.

Asking his foreman for a ten-minute break for the purpose, the latter informed him that he could have no time at all, as he was wanted at the Town Hall to put the borough arms on the Mayor's seat.

"Blimey!" replied the reservist. "What does his Worship think I am, a tattooist?"



"Well, goodness only knows how I got home last night!"

MINISTRY



OF FOOD

# THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS N°5

*Start collecting these useful advertisements now. Pin them up in your kitchen where you can always see them.*



DO you feel, as many women do, that war-time house-keeping would be easier if only you could count on getting a little special advice from a kitchen expert? Here's your chance—without trouble, without cost, without even having to leave your own home. Just switch on your radio every morning at 8.15. You'll hear the answers to your own kind of food problems.

## ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

### HOW TO USE OLD

#### VEGETABLES.

Garden Peas that have grown hard through lack of water or tough with age, can be made into excellent soup. Rub a small onion through a sieve and boil it for half-an-hour with your peas in enough water to cover. Then add milk or stock or both to suit your own taste. A little cornflour, carefully blended, stirred into the soup, will thicken it.

**Scarlet Runners.** If your beans have grown too old and tough, boil the inner seeds — like haricots — with a good dash of salt and pepper and, if possible, a little margarine.

#### HEALTH HINT.

Try mustard and cress, watercress, or even young nasturtium leaves instead of jam at tea-time. It makes a change; it's better for you; and it saves the country's sugar.



### PULPING PLUMS

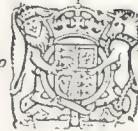
#### FOR WINTER USE.

Pulping is an excellent way of preserving the plums, now so plentiful, for winter use. Pulping needs no sugar. It is a perfectly simple process: Just stew the plums thoroughly in a saucepan with a little water. When cooked, pour them into hot, clean bottles (or any receptacles that can be made airtight). Seal immediately with hot lids. If you have no lids, use two or three layers of paper brushed over with flour paste. For large quantities of plums, you may find it easiest to use a heated big crock. Either cork it or cover it with a layer of mutton fat or paraffin wax.

#### HOW TO SAVE BREAD.

First, you must curb your liking for fresh bread; always wait at least 24 hours before cutting a newly-baked loaf. Don't keep it in a closely-sealed tin. If you use a biscuit tin, punch a few holes in the lid. Brown bread is best wrapped in muslin and kept on a shelf.

By appointment to



the late King George V

## Jewels from Service Badges



Infinite care has been taken to ensure absolute accuracy of detail in the design of these Naval and Fleet Air Arm brooches. For instance, it may not be generally known that the motif of the Naval Crown brooch (illustrated at top) is based upon the traditional stern of the old "wooden walls of England". This intricate design, surmounted by lanterns and set between sails and pennants, has been expertly fashioned in jewels and precious metal. These brooches are available in many sizes. If you cannot visit our showrooms, please send for an illustrated booklet.

*Reading from top, prices are as follows*

#### NAVAL CROWN

Diamond and Platinum Brooch £46.0.0  
Smaller size in all 14 ct. Gold £2.17.6

#### FLEET AIR ARM

Diamond, Ruby, Platinum, 18 ct. Gold and Enamel Brooch £100.0.0

#### NAVAL CAP BADGE

Diamond, Platinum and Enamel Brooch £46.0.0  
Smaller size in all 14 ct. Gold and Enamel £3.0.0

#### FLEET AIR ARM

Platinum 18 ct. Gold and Enamel Brooch £10.10.0

*These prices are current and are subject to increase according to advancing costs.*

## THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

112 REGENT STREET • LONDON • W1

# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMENNIES

## Strategic Roads 2,000 Years Old

**A** FEW yards to the south of an almost unused and precipitous track up on to the hills, used regularly by a certain section of the Home Guard, are the remains of a Roman road. Tracings of its pavement still exist and even the ruts worn in the stones by the passage of chariots to the local camps can be traced by an expert. Is it not extraordinary how history repeats itself? Two thousand years ago the Romans built straight-line roads of far greater width than those we planned up to a few years ago and used them to link up prominent places from which they could survey the surrounding country. Today many of these self-same high spots are manned by observers again on the look out for an enemy. But this time instead of watching the ground they scan the skies.

And what of the future? Will these same vantage points be manned again by our descendants a thousand or two years' hence. Or will civilization have learned reason and instead of burying itself in the bowels of the earth live in peace to enjoy the bounty of Nature? But one thing is certain and that is that sooner or later some big scale far-seeing plan of national road reconstruction will have to be put in hand. British civilization plus the march of transport improvements cannot tolerate our present semi-garden path system much longer. Sometime or other a road system, as far seeing and wisely planned as the Roman roads, will have to be initiated. It must be laid out to serve the requirements of transport for many generations to come. Other countries are working on these lines. In America they visualize an immense expansion of the motor movement, even though at the present time almost every other man owns a car and the total of vehicles runs into many millions. They plan thousands and thousands of miles of national highway, not only linking the Pacific with the Atlantic coast, but forming a complete network over the entire country. What their fantastic roads of the future may resemble was brilliantly and graphically illustrated in model form at General Motors' extraordinary Futurama at World's Fair, New York.

In this country we attempt a piece-meal patch-up policy of improvisation, trying to convert roads designed to serve farm carts and stage coaches into highways suitable for motor cars. If this policy continues our home produced cars will be designed to meet our home produced road conditions and will be quite unsuitable for use on the purely motor roads of other countries.

## Sound Consciousness

People who live near lorry-infested hills are complaining that they

frequently mistake the whine of the vehicle's low gear for the siren's air-raid warning.

And at times the resemblance is remarkable. Of course, no one would have mentioned it had we not all been becoming more sound-conscious. We hear planes, pretend we recognize the enemy's particular warble, listen for the dull thud of bombs, distant gunfire and so on. But the trouble is that we haven't the faintest notion of how far off the origin of the thud or thumping is. We don't even know how far we can hear, though a few years ago when a big bang was made intentionally somewhere near London, I believe people claimed to have heard it ninety miles away. What's wanted in these days of excursions and alarms is a gadget that gives the distance of the source of the sound from the hearer. I imagine that climatic conditions have a powerful effect on the distance sound carries. Early this morning, for instance, I heard a man talking over half a mile away and a horse trotting two miles distant. Yet a few days earlier I failed to hear our local sirens two miles away round the edge of a hill. For which reason the suggested sound-distance measurer would have to be a very clever instrument and might have to include so many adjustments to compensate for varying conditions that by the time one had set them all one would have lost the sound itself.



H.M.S. "PUNJABI" (LEADING SHIP) IN ACTION  
AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF NARVIK

This very gallant action was fought on April 13, 1940, and the honours won by this ship were one D.S.O., two D.S.C.s, five D.S.M.s and nine Mentions. This picture, which was taken from another ship in the flotilla, was sent to us by the Hon. Secretary of the Petty Officers' Mess and facsimile signatures of the members of the mess are appended to this note

L. Blafield S.P.(Pres)  
W. Matthews. Ly.P.O. (Sec).  
J. Eaton St.  
P. Whelan Lda  
W. Knight P.O.  
P. Calabridge P.O.  
A. Day A.Pyeo.  
S. Baker P.O.  
L.G. Robert S.P.O.  
N. Lovelace P.O.  
J. Matthews. O.A.  
E. Hare  
H. Lawrence H. Tan S.B.P.O.

## Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 298)

The pity is that these difficulties need never have occurred. We ought not now have to admit that on the propaganda front we are not even organized for victory. Nor, I much doubt, is the best use yet being made of our human material. Goebbels still leads and he ought to be collared and beaten. I am sure that this is possible if we put the right jockey up on our horse. The main essential is that our pilot must have a first-class knowledge of pace—and this means not only knowledge of how fast your own horse is going, but also how fast all dangerous competitors in the race are going.

There was once a play called *The Tyranny of Tears*. If Haddon Chambers were alive today he might be induced to modernize it and reproduce it under the most appropriate title of *The Tyranny of Talk*. We are suffering from this very badly at the moment: but then we always have done so, more or less. Those well-meaning persons whose garrulity leaves us physically exhausted have been with us ever since the time of the Tower of Babel. And it is not only those indiscreet ones who pass on something about this war that the butler has told the cook; and all the others who suffer from vocal cacoethes who ought to have been roped in by Mr. Duff Cooper when he delivered his recent and most admirable exordium about talking. The Minister of Information ought to have gone further and said that all the Miserrimus Dolefuls ought to be put under temporary restraint, even when they do not utter things which may be of use to the spy. A Trappist monastery for all who prefer to use ten words when two would do is what is wanted.

You and I also know those people who, when they get hold of a newspaper delight in reading out all the most excruciating items: suicides, people crushed to death in lifts, mothers and babies in gas ovens, husbands who have been missing since August 3, 1914 suddenly turning up to find their wives Mrs. Somebody Else and in possession of bouncing grandchildren, anything in fact which is gruesome or disturbing and distressing. These persons are never happy unless they are thoroughly miserable and their one aim and object in life would appear to be to radiate an aura of unpleasantness and make every one within range as much like a wet white mouse as they are themselves. I am not peculiarly bloody-minded, but I am fully convinced that it should be made justifiable homicide to destroy all such persons, particularly at a moment such as the present one.

I once knew a chap who had never recovered from being head boy at Harrow and a Double First. He was a soft-roed sort of cove and an old woman in trousers, and he had a secretary who was just like him. The secretary's name most appropriately was Spratley, for he had a face like a dog's dinner, walked like a Great Dane, and in his apparel there was something which always suggested that most decorous of dogs. Spratley was one of those people, reference to whom has just been made. He was a reincarnation of the Melancholy Jaques. The sort of thing in which he revelled was the premonition of the unpleasant. Once when his principal had a molar pulled out he said: "Well, now I'll leave you Sir Hamley but I think you must take things very easy and not risk catching a chill. I once had an aunt who caught cold after having only a canine out, and she was in her coffin under a week." Another time he told the grim story of "a poor young cousin of mine who fell off a ladder when he was nailing up a creeper on the house, sustained concussion of the brain and never

spoke another word before he passed away; such a bright, nice young fellow, too. It was a great shock to my aunt who had varicose veins in both legs. There was another case reported in the papers only last Thursday of a plasterer... If someone had not come in and stopped the flow of his dolorous discourse, I am sure that Spratley would have worked his way through ghastly mishaps to plumbers, philatelists and postmen. So why keep our Spratleys? I know that Mr. Leslie Henson will agree with every word of this



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By OLIVER STEWART

## Fracas

**N**O contrast could be more piquant and, to those who believe they understand something of the British character, more amusing than that between the tremendous aerial clashes between immense fleets of powerful military aircraft that have been taking place round our coasts, and the quiet, flat, unemotional accounts of them which are given by the pilots who have taken part!

The other evening I was at the British Broadcasting Corporation talking with one of

coloured is thought to be shooting a line, to be trying to build up an impression of daring and courage.

Heaven knows we appreciate the daring and courage of these men and no building up is necessary. But I begin to think that their very calmness and their very anxiety to make it all sound as ordinary as buying an orange, have in the end an opposite effect. One listens to the flat, quiet voice, and suddenly from it emerges the true picture of flaming battle in the skies. All the same as a pro-

before recorded in the annals of air war. They have, in fact, taken part in more than one "somewhat interesting fracas!"

## Technical Progress

We must give thanks to the technical excellence of our equipment as much as to the men who use it for the astonishing victories of the days which have passed just before I sat down to write these notes. They have been days of repeated victory for the Royal Air Force in the air.

It is the technical excellence that has enabled our men to make up for their numerical inferiority. And that is an urgent warning to all those in the Royal Air Force in positions of high trust and also to those in the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Aircraft Production. For there is no denying that our technical effort must be kept up. It may to some extent conflict with progress in output, for technical advance always does to some extent conflict with large-scale production. But it cannot be helped. We shall neglect technical advance at our peril.

## Bombing

Another thing: in our pride and admiration for the members of the Fighter Command, do not let us forget the men of the Bomber Command. I was glad to see Lord Trenchard the other day hammering away at his old theme of offensive bombing. It is by that means that we shall eventually win the war as much as by any other. Pure defence, however good, will not do it. We must hit back and hit back hard.

The men of the Bomber Command have been doing wonderful work. Those raids on Italy alone were triumphs of planning, navigation and technical and professional skill. Nothing like them had ever before been attempted or even thought possible. Sixteen hundred miles, with a crossing of the Alps into the bargain! It was genuine daring and genuine skill that made such achievements possible. No praise can be too high for the officers and men of the Bomber Command. Their task is not in the limelight; but they are the men who will turn the tide in our favour and who will set us firmly on the road to victory.



HEADQUARTERS STAFF OF AN R.A.F. TRAINING SCHOOL

This is one of the places where they teach them how to put up an average of a bit over eighty-six Hun planes per day. The enemy's lies about his successes in his blitzkrieg are fully exposed by the official figures of his casualties.

The names in the group are: (l. to r., sitting) A.S.O. M. H. Bishop, Sq. Leader W. L. Bateman, W. Cmdr. A. M. Wray, Group Capt. J. J. Williamson, A.F.C., O.C. Station, Sq. Leader A. F. R. Bennett, Sq. Leader E. A. Totle, A.S.O. Ditchfield. (Standing, l. to r.) F. Lieut. H. W. Durnell, F. Lieut. A. W. Sear, P.O. Sir Stuart Knill, P.O. Welcombe, P.O. Spencer, P.O. J. M. White

those who are in that extraordinarily bright department that deals with Empire news and talks, and he told me a story which cast some light on this matter. A pilot who had the day before been through the most astonishing series of adventures that could befall a man; who had fought tearing three-hundred-miles-an-hour battles high over the sea; who had engaged and shot down superior enemy forces; who had had his own aeroplane hit; who had, in brief, been through a lifetime's experiences in a few minutes, had come to give his own account on the air from the studio. Now you must know that the Empire service is a rather higher speed, more snappy affair than the home. It aims at punch and pressure. So this was the kind of heart-stopping story they wanted, and the editor looked at the script with high hopes. It would, he thought, be smashing stuff to quicken the pulse and make the hair stand on end. But he read the following: "Yesterday I was engaged in a somewhat interesting fracas." And that was the tone throughout! The story of heroic happenings such as the world has never seen before, was told as if it were a mothers' meeting in Upper Brondesbury!

## Tradition

It is, of course the result of the strong and—in my opinion—salutary tradition of the service which abhors anything approaching "shooting a line." So the object of the pilots and air crew members who come to the microphone is always to minimize the excitements they have been through; to paint their pictures in a uniform flat grey. Anything more highly

fessional writer who has been in aviation for a good deal more than a quarter of a century, I often regret that they did not ask me to tell the story. For it is the greatest story of all time. Those members of the Royal Air Force, whether engaged in flinging down the German bombers over this country or in hitting the enemy in his home towns, have reached heights of heroism and devotion to duty never



Photos: Stuart

A W.A.A.F. DETACHMENT AT AN R.A.F. STATION

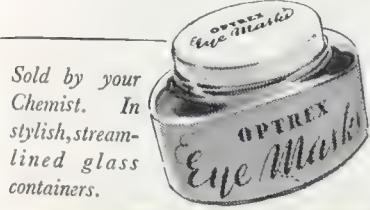
Lady Blunt (centre) with the detachment mascot "Saygo," is an Assistant Station Officer at this particular station. Sir John Blunt, her husband, is in a very famous cavalry regiment. The full list of names in the picture is as follows:

(Back row) A.C.W. Harvey, A.C.W. Button, A.C.W. Noble, A.C.W. Wallace, A.C.W. Henderson (G.C.), A.C.W. Hickman, A.C.W. Whitehead, A.C.W. Hurst, A.C.W. Bevan, A.C.W. Weekes, A.C.W. Lee, M.P., A.C.W. Baggs, A.C.W. Williams, A.C.W. Wooliams, A.C.W. Finn, A.C.W. Gundry. (Middle row) A.C.W. Press, A.C.W. Palmer (M), A.C.W. Pounds, A.C.W. Ward, A.C.W. Tough, A.C.W. Williams (J.A.), A.C.W. Trumble, A.C.W. Burke, A.C.W. Junguis, A.C.W. Simmons, A.C.W. King, A.C.W. Appleton, A.C.W. Mower, A.C.W. Thomas, A.C.W. Westlake Wood, A.C.W. Wingate, A.C.W. Webb. (Sitting) Cpl. Forbes, Cpl. Dobell, A.S.O. Sgt. Cripps, A.S.O. Beecroft, A.S.O. Johnson, S.O. Nicholl, A.S.O. Lady Blunt, A.S.O. McCall, Cpl. Day, Cpl. Turner, A.C.W. Forward



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IT is Lillywhites' (Piccadilly and Knightsbridge) new divided skirt which is seen above. When walking it is not realized that it is divided. It is made in flannel as well as in a variety of other materials, and is reinforced with pockets and a belt, slotted through the waistline. As will be seen, it is accompanied by a check Cumberland tweed coat with slanting pockets. It is available in an infinite variety of colour schemes. No one must leave these salons until they have studied the pullovers and cardigans, as they represent wonderful value

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## The Way of the War—(Continued from page 280)

colonization have lived constantly in terror of their lives, while the expenditure of Italian money involved has played an important part in bringing the Italian State to virtual bankruptcy.

Today Haile Selassie is back on the borders of his native land and already a dozen races are pledged to fight under his banner in order to regain their freedom. In 1935 it was Mussolini who waited with ill-concealed impatience for the ending of the rains. In 1940 the Duce must be praying that defeat will come to Britain elsewhere before the autumn campaigning season opens once again in Ethiopia.

### French Stand in Far East

Vice-Admiral Decoux, Governor-General of French Indo-China, seems to have been outstanding in his determination not to permit the laying down of French arms in all parts of the world. It is true that he appears to have had the backing of the Vichy Government, which doubtless made his position easier. As a result the Japanese, who were planning to obtain advance bases for putting pressure on the Malay Peninsula and East Indies, without risking a clash with United States forces in the Philippine Islands en route, have been confronted with firm warnings from Britain and America and blunt refusal from the French authorities in Indo-China. In addition, the Government of Thailand, better known to most people as Siam, has entered into defensive staff discussions with the authorities in Indo-China. The most important part of these talks took place at Admiral Decoux's residency, where the Siamese delegation called on its way to Tokyo.

Indications are also reaching London to suggest that Prince Konoye is waiting to see how far the Anglo-American service discussions in London may extend to Far Eastern matters, as well as to European and Atlantic affairs. Japan, as I have pointed out before, is, like Russia, anxious to gain personal profit out of the quarrels of others, but is by no means anxious to become involved in war with the Great Powers at the end of her exhausting struggle with China.

### Eyes on Britain

It is symptomatic of the extent to which the eyes of other States are fixed on the Anglo-German struggle that there has been little fresh news from Spain during the past week or ten days. Without doubt the Spanish Falangists and the Axis Fifth Columns would seek to advance their own aims at the expense of Britain, should it appear that the main German attack upon our island kingdom was meeting with a large measure of success. But recent events have led Spain, like several other countries, to doubt whether after all Germany is to be the ultimate victor. And while that doubt exists it is questionable whether it would be prudent, in the long run, to have joined in the ranks of England's enemies.

For Mussolini the position is somewhat different. Having decided years ago that Britain was decadent, her youth effete, and her core rotten he has committed himself and his country to a profit-sharing arrangement in Hitler's desperate venture. For him it is too late to withdraw, and we have lately seen him testing the extent of the opposition he would meet were he to embark on a new European grab, along lines which have

greatly tempted him for long past; to wit, an advance from Albania across Macedonia to the Aegean Sea.

In Rome it is not believed that the attempt is imminent. First, Mussolini must try to estimate the reactions of Turkey and Russia. Second, he must take into account the now proven contention that the R.A.F., despite the loss of advanced bases in France, can still bombard Italian war industries in the Milan-Turin-Genoa triangle. When we begin to get well established reports on the state of Italian morale after these events have been repeated a few times we shall be better able to judge the ability of Mussolini to keep his country in the war as an active belligerent—and, incidentally, the probable duration of his own personal authority in Italy.

Outstanding question for Mussolini is—can he make good his bombastic claim that he has made the Middle Sea an Italian lake, and, as an addendum, obtain that absolute command of the Red Sea which he has also been so engaging as to suggest is within his capacity. Neither of these two things is on the cards and no one knows this better than the misleader of the Italian nation.

\* \* \*

We understand that with reference to some pictures of Lady Louis Mountbatten's training centre and Lady Zia Wernher's one in Leicestershire that Mrs. Beckwith-Smith was the originator of the scheme for the resident fortnightly intensive courses in first aid and home nursing and that she has run these courses since the beginning of the war. Lady Zia Wernher started her training centre in conjunction with Mrs. Beckwith-Smith's at the end of January. Lady Louis Mountbatten's centre is a daily one, started a month ago and is another branch of Mrs. Beckwith-Smith's scheme.

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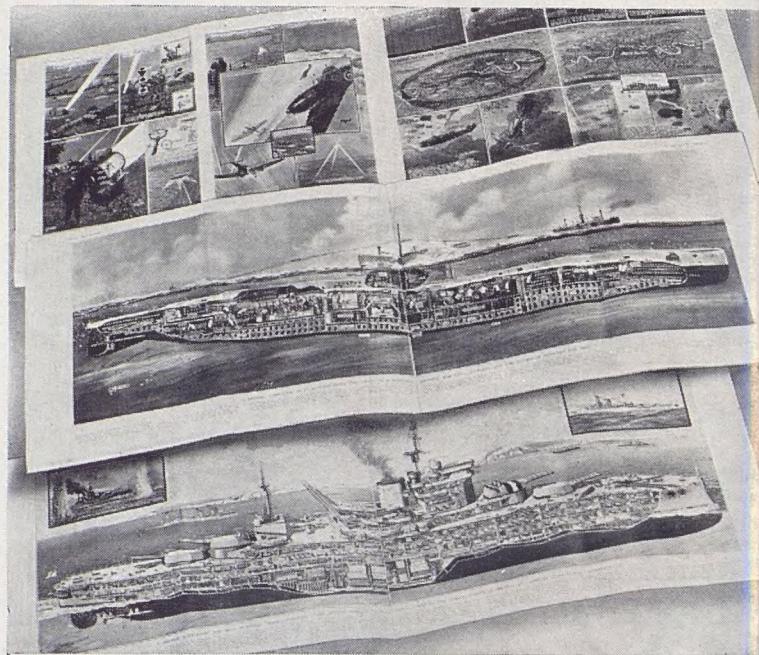
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